THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1882.

SOMETHING ABOUT PERU.

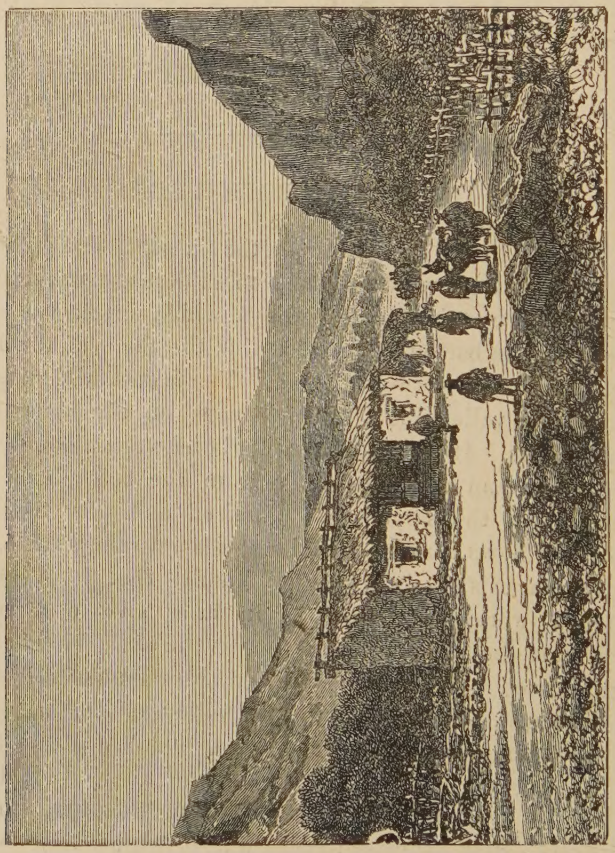
THE coast of Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the barren ridges, that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that Paul Marcoy, to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketch-book under arm, is discovered, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). One of these was a rice, cotton, and sugar plantation, the property of a friend of Marcoy, Pierre Leroux by name. He was a native of Besançon, and had been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him, with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health, sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles.

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the

valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleansing his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, from New York, through the British consul at Islay, a a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-



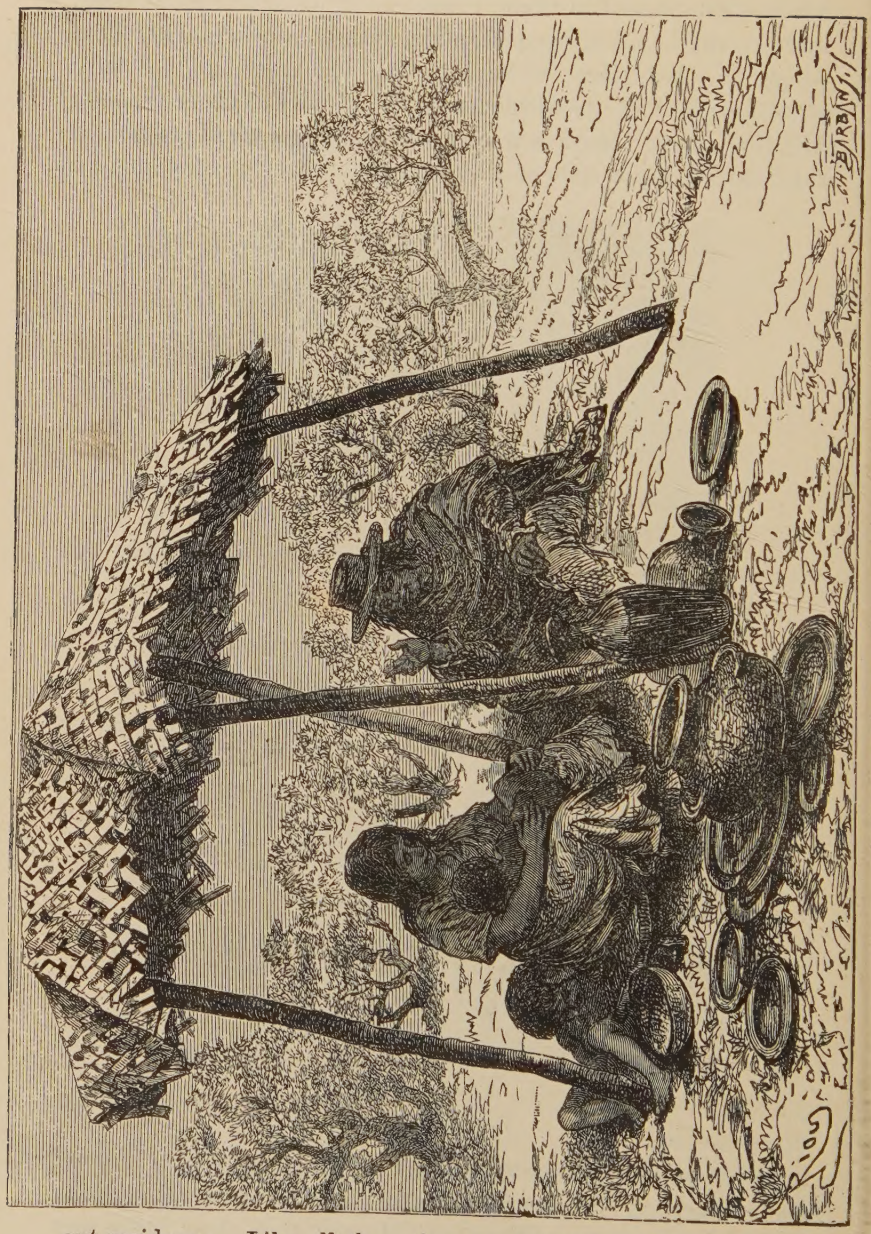
Entrance to the Valley of Tambo.

made pine wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tambochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host, Marcoy devoted a part of the day to preregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales*—as the small olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native

families established in the olivares, one in particular aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walk to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there, and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed

PIERRE LEROUX.

to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats, upheld by four posts, and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-



ANCIENT OLIVE PRESS, NEAR JUDEA, EGYPT.

out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantation for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Pro-

vidence; the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the *olivares*, our traveller would stroll a few hundred yards higher up to chat with his neighbours of the *higuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as labourers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-coloured wine, made from the figs, which the people call *chimbango*. (See Frontispiece.)

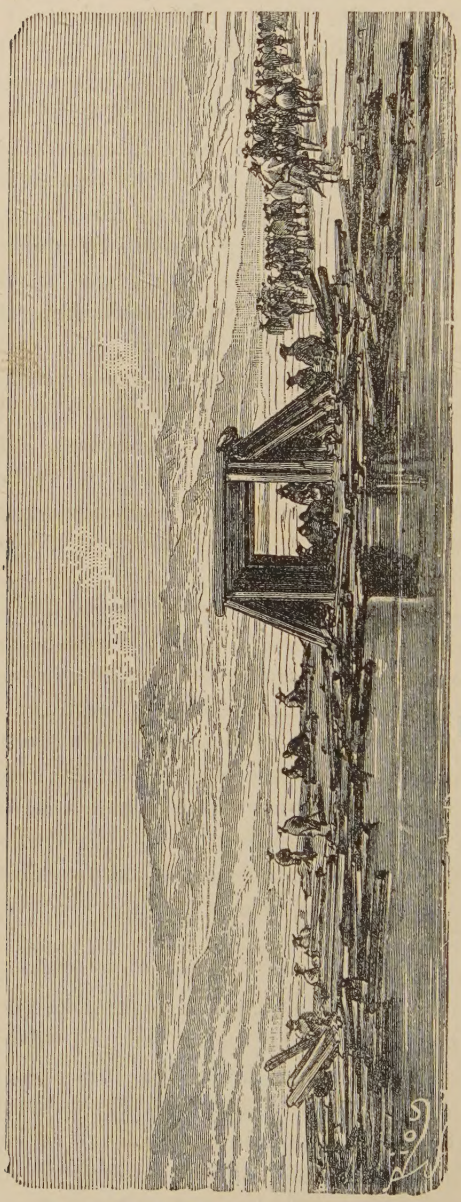
Still higher up the valley, this cultivated zone was succeeded by a sandy tract, irregularly interspersed with low ridges of the kind which characterizes the physical features of the coast. The normal barrenness of these hills is changed from May to October, during the season of fogs, into fertility, for the humidity causes a greensward to appear, and a multitude of charming flowers spring up and cover their surface.

One afternoon, Marcoy was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who told him that the ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through the valley, scores of his neighbours, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make inquiries regarding the wonderful machines.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labour of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colours aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would "pay out" a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he landed, the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy, and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant



Wreck of Leroux's Raft.

the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunderstruck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, "Well, here is another fortune to make."

At some distance from them stood groups of the spectators discussing the event. Although they appeared to belong to the well-to-do class, and their faces bore a commiserative expression suitable to the occasion, still it could be seen, when they turned their glances on Pierre Leroux with a half smile, that the catastrophe had not caused them much regret. Along the shore were ranged the *cholos* (natives of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction) and Indians who had assisted in dragging the raft, and who now seemed to be amusing themselves with the erratic movements of the beams and planks as the waves threw them on the beach and then floated them back into the sea. Presently, having come to the conclusion that the flotsam belonged to the first claimant, they began to load their shoulders with the wood. After dark the vessel weighed anchor and sailed away.

The period fixed by Marcoy as the limit of his stay in the valley was now approaching. As the hour of departure drew near, an idea took firm hold of his mind. This was to withdraw his friend and host from the contemplation of his loss by associating him with the journey he was about to undertake. Leroux at first positively refused to listen to the suggestion. Marcoy persisted in his pleadings, until finally he gained his host's reluctant assent.

The remarkable adventures of their journey are recorded in the volume by M. Marcoy, from which the illustrations here given were taken. They explored the valley of the high Andes, and added much to the information previously possessed about this unfamiliar region, for which we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

ALPINE PICTURES.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

I.

Swiss Wayside Inn.

Switzerland is a name familiar to us from school-boy days, and the name always awakens in our minds thoughts of the romantic and the grand. The home-sickness of the Swiss has passed into a proverb; and no wonder that they never forget the land of their birth, for, as they say—"There is but *one* Switzerland." I have been permitted, in the good providence of God, to realise one of the wildest of my boyhood's day-dreams—have gazed on the glory of the Apine sunset, have trodden the glaciers, and fields of eternal snow, have penetrated the profoundest valleys and the weirdest grottoes in scaling those Alps which once were Switzerland's battlements of freedom.

The greatest length of the country, from east to west, is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, from north to south, 130 miles. Its area is, therefore, about equal to one-fourth of England and Wales. The ramifications of the two mountain chains, the Alps and the Jura, cover more than one half of its area. But a small portion, comparatively, is plain, or even moderately hilly; and only here and along the narrow valleys, can the husbandman find it worth his

while to labour. The soil in some parts is very good, and there the vine is cultivated to a considerable extent, but much of it is exceedingly heavy clay, and its tillage is an unmixed toil.

You will find here every variety of climate, from the salubrious

Swiss Peasants.

temperature of sunny Italy, where oranges and figs ripen in the open air, to the region of eternal frost. Of every one-hundred square miles of surface, thirty are occupied by rocks, glaciers, and water, twenty by hill pastures which are reached only in sum-

mer, seventeen by forests, only eleven by arable lands, twenty by meadows for the raising of cattle, and one by vineyards.

The peasants live mostly in quaint little wooden cottages with heavy projecting roofs. Some of these of the better class are very romantic and tasteful, while most of them are blackened by smoke and time. All are innocent of paint. Inside, the rooms have floors, and walls, and ceilings of planed pine or spruce, or other soft wood; very pleasant and comfortable, but rather apt to harbour certain unpleasant nocturnal companions.

In some parts silk manufacturing is carried on to a considerable extent, and there you find, in almost every house and cabin, one or more silk looms at which the women slave to supplement the slight wages of their husbands. In some places watch-making gives better and more remunerative employment to the better class of the poor, but even this is growing less lucrative, because modern machinery can produce a better article than ill-paid manual labour.

Switzerland, small as it is, is divided into twenty-four cantons, containing in all a population of some two and a half millions of souls. In history, Switzerland has not figured very largely outside her own borders. But here, among the mountains, has been a constant ferment, an everlasting tempest in a tea-pot, from the time when the eight cantons, led by the heroic Tell, wrung their independence from their Austrian lords, up to the present century. They defend their own mountain homes and native valleys with a sort of cat-like savageness, but, in their foreign policy, they seem to have been guilty of many an act of small dealing. They pandered to their more powerful neighbours, hired out their armies for gold; and, in the words of Macaulay, they "stood with mercenary impartiality, ready for the cause which had the longest purse and the readiest pay."

Switzerland, almost more than any other country, is shut up to her own little self, so that while here and there a solitary individual shows his power and dignity, towering, like the Alpine peak, the almost universal character of the people is narrow selfishness,—narrow as their own pent-up valleys, which to them constitute the best portion of the universe.

Up to 1848, nearly every canton had its own separate government and distinct code of laws. Many of these crude constitutions still exert an influence, for each canton controls, to a cer-

tain extent, its own local affairs. When in Switzerland, I was frequently amused by the phrase, "our sister republic," used when speaking of the United States of America.

The language is Italian, French, or German, as the cantons border on these countries. As to religion, some of the cantons are

Mountain Torrent.

Protestant and some are Roman Catholic. Although Protestantism has sadly lost its life and power, yet you can tell the difference as soon as you set foot in a Roman Catholic canton. You notice a difference in the huts of the peasants, in the tillage of the

fields, but most of all in the number of beggars you meet on the highway. Everything preaches in silent eloquence against the blighting influence of Rome.

In the history of the Reformation, and in the spread of Protestantism, Switzerland has, however, played a very prominent part. Three cities claim special attention in this particular,—Constance, on the German frontier, Zurich, somewhat more inland, and Geneva, bordering on France.

The costume of the Swiss peasant is often very picturesque. The younger women wear a black boddice laced over a white undergarment, with snowy sleeves, and a dark skirt. The hair generally hangs in two long braids down the back. The cut, on page 297, shows a sort of village festival, or merry-making, and gives a very good idea of the style of dress common in some cantons.

Alpine scenery would furnish an infinite canvas with pictures of beauty and grandeur. Imagine yourself far away from this beautiful Canada, and whirling along southward from Germany to Switzerland. Grand sights we have already enjoyed amongst the legend-haunted hills and fruitful vineyards of Wurtemberg. But now mountains appear in the distance,—their snowy outlines but dimly distinguished from their cloudy shroud. They seem to approach us; and the wondrous play of sunset tints makes us forget our fatigue, as we gaze, enchanted with the scene. Gradually a tree-clad wall seems to rise on either hand; from summit to summit stretches a long web of fleecy cloud. Beyond this the setting-sun throws up the valley an unwonted glory, transforming the cultivated vale, the forest-robed hills, and the wavy clouds into a grand triumphal arch of purple, carnation, and gold, to welcome our entrance into the home of the chamois,—the storied land of Tell. The crystal water falls, that leap down the mountain sides, are a source of never-ending delight.

After spending a day in Zurich, we ascend the Uetliberg,—a hill just outside of the walls. The ancient city is mapped out before us, intersected by narrow, crooked streets. Several bridges span the river Limmah, on one of which is a fruit market, where with the aid of a glass you can see old women with their fruit and trinket-stands, while an ever-moving throng passes by. On the river are floating wash-houses, where women kneel washing silk in the stream, and a little below, mills are built from bank

to bank,—their machinery driven by the current. Through the city extends a beautiful, shady promenade, now, however, filled up by the booths of an annual fair. Tall spires of ancient churches, where Zwingle taught and Lavater preached, and whose story would fill volumes, still point silently heavenward from among the high, quaint houses whose tiled roofs are gilded by the evening light. A railway train sweeps slowly round a gigantic curve, while away beyond you can see the old castle of the Grand Dukes of Baden. To the right extends, till it meets the sky, the long, silver sheen of the lake of Zurich, alive with smoky

Alpine Pass.

steamer and white-sailed skiff, and reflecting from its mirrored surface a lovely border of white cottages, hamlets, and villages, half-hidden in orchards and vineyards. Beyond this border the hills rise in diversified beauty, clad in autumn-coloured forest foliage. Then behind these are the wavy outlines and pointed peaks of granite, clad in eternal snow.

Turning to look behind us, away in the distance are other mountains and other lakes; other valleys and other hills. On the side of one of these we can count the windows of an old Benedictine abbey. The sun seems to linger on these peaks, and a strange rose-colour spreads itself over the fields of snow.

The more I think of these dim old Catholic churches, like that of Einsiedeln, with their dusty dingy passages and gloomy stalls, the more am I struck with Lucifer's meditation in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," where he transforms himself into a priest to tempt Prince Henry who is coming to confess. He enters, in priestly garb, and looks around.

> "What a dark and dingy place!
> I wonder that any man has the face
> To call such a hole 'the house of the Lord,
> And the gate of Heaven,'—yet such is the word.
> Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
> Covered with cobwebs and blackened with mould;
> Dust on the pulpit, and dust on the stairs,
> Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs!
> The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons
> Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans
> With about as much real edification
> As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
> Had fallen, and struck them on the head;
> And I ought to remember that sensation."

Around the church walls, and sometimes in front of the high altar itself, are stone tombs, raised two and a half or three feet from the floor, on which is stretched the stone statue of the knight who is supposed to be buried beneath,—with his armour on, hands folded over his breast, and his weapons lying by his side. Lucifer continues his meditation:

> "Underneath this mouldering tomb,
> With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,
> Slumbers a great lord of the village.
> All his life was riot and pillage,
> But at last, to escape the threatened doom
> Of the everlasting, penal fire,
> He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,
> And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.
>
> And here, in the corner of the wall,
> Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
> With its awful portal open wide,
> And its latticed windows on either side,
> And its step, well-worn by the bended knees
> Of one or two pious centuries,
> Stands the village confessional!

Here sits the priest, as faint and low,
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,
Comes through these painted lattices,
The ceaseless sound of human woe.
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs
With deep and agonizing sobs,
Which half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame!

Here the grim murderer, with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls a stone,
Thinking that thus he can atone
For the ravages of sword and flame.
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately
Reading the whole year, out and in,
Nought but a catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue! Never! never!"

A walk of nine or ten hours brings us to the top of the Rhigi. The fame of the Rhigi is comparatively modern. It stands in the midst of a mountain amphitheatre, but is itself 4,300 feet above the sea,—about the most advantageous height from which to view mountain scenery with real satisfaction. On our way to the Kulm, the highest point from Lake Lucerne, we pass the Chapel of the Holy Cross, founded in 1686, where masses are daily said for the shepherds on the mountains. Half an hour farther up we see a tremendous mass of rock wedged in between two other rocks, forming a sort of archway called the Felsenthor. Another half hour brings us to Kaltbad—cold baths—coldest in the hottest weather. Then we pass the Stoffel, and soon reach the Kulm. Modern enterprise has constructed a railway up this side of the mountain and robbed it of much of its poetry, unless it be poetic to travel by steam up and down a grade of nearly 45°. From the Kulm one has a wondrous view, the eye sweeping over an area of nearly five hundred miles square.

Looking toward the south you trace distinctly the Alpine chain, from Mount Blanc away into Tyrol, with its thousand glaciered ridges, horns, peaks, and towers. Towards the west and north, bounded in the far distance by the Jura chain, the eye takes in the varied picture of several Swiss cantons, comprising lofty mountains, pastured hills, narrow valleys, scattered

villages, thriving towns, dark forests, fruitful plains, sparkling lakes, and rushing streams; taking in at one view eleven famous lakes, and over sixty peaks. What is that little moving speck on the clear sheet of water below? Why, it's a steamer plowing the wave. What is that dark little collection of tiny objects on the water's edge? Take your glass and look—Why, it's a town!

At half-past four in the morning, the long Alpine horn resounds through the corridors of the hotel, so long and so loud as

MOUNTAIN CHALET.

to drive all sleep from the drowsiest eye. We are half tempted to break the rule placed so conspicuously in our bedroom, to the effect that no traveller is allowed to take the blankets of his bed in which to wrap himself, for the morning air is a little more than fresh. By half-past five, a crowd of shivering forms has gathered on the Kulm to witness the sun's first greeting. Here are Britons and Italians, Frenchmen and Russians, Swiss and Americans, Spaniards and Poles, Germans and Hungarians, Scandinavians, and a rare Canadian, in every imaginable costume,

and with a very Babel of tongues. Happy the traveller who has the rare fortune of a cloudless sky to view the sunrise from the Righi. The landscape is clear, save, perhaps, a thin drapery of

ALPINE SNOW PEAK.

mist away below us, adding only to the beauty of the scene. The mountain outlines are distinct and clear, many of them covered with the virgin white of newly-fallen snow. See those purple tints, heralds of approaching glory, rising from behind

the eastern hills and reflected from the western sky. Suddenly the brightness increases, the glory becomes too dazzling to look upon, and the eye turns for relief to the opposite crests which dazzle now in their turn as they glow and golden in the rays of the morning. Like some mighty mind whose genius outstrides the unappreciative age in which he was born, but whose fame is for all time, the effect of the sun's rising seems more refulgent on the distant peaks than on the heights where he first appears.

AIGUILES

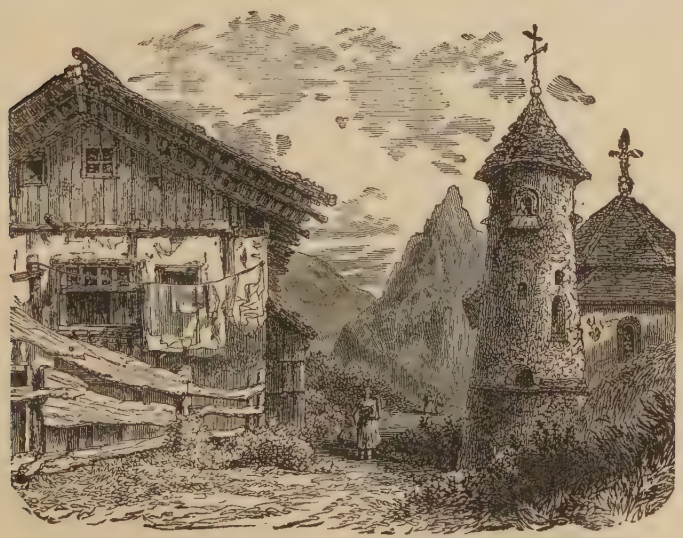
The bare granite is purpled with light, the forest receives a brighter green, and soon the lakes sparkle in the sunbeam.

"Oh! 'tis sublime,—a sunrise on the Alps."

Just at the foot of the Righi lies the lovely Lake of Lucerne. It is certainly one of the most romantic of Swiss lakes. Long, narrow arms extend into deep openings between mountains that

rise abruptly and savagely into the clouds. From any point, the view of the lake and surroundings is of surpassing grandeur; but it is chiefly famed as the scene of Tell's exploits. German historians try to prove that the whole story about Tell is a mere myth. The Swiss, however, maintain it as a sacred truth, for there is a chapel built on the very spot, and Tell's crossbow is still kept in the museum of Zurich.

The City of Lucerne lies at the head of the lake, in the centre of a charming amphitheatre of mountains, with such a combination of lovliness as to beggar description, and thrill one with an indescribable emotion. It is almost a paradise, restored, and



Swiss Chalet and Round Tower.

possibly improved by the addition of mountains, but sadly marred internally by sin. The city, with its towers and ramparts, takes us back to the time of the Romans. In the cathedral we find gorgeous gilt shrines, sculptured and painted figures representing, though rather crudely, the birth and crucifixion of our Lord. The solemn cathedral bells preach the best sermon heard within these walls.

One of the most noted sights in the city is the "Lion of Lucerne," designed by Thorwalsden, and sculptured out of the side of the solid sandstone rock, in memory of the Swiss Guard who fell gallantly in the Tuileries, on the 10th August, 1792.

The lion is pierced by a broken lance, but in the death-agony guards a shield upon which is the *fleurs-de-lis* of the fated Bourbons. The figure of the lion is twenty-eight feet in length, and eighteen feet high. Fern, and ivy, and creeping plants form a magnificent frame for it, and a pool of water beneath, fed by a spring in the height above, reflects the whole as in a mirror.

Out of the lake and through the city flows the river Reuss, green as emerald, clear as crystal, and rushing as the mountain torrent. The river is spanned by three bridges. One of these running obliquely across the stream is, in old Swiss fashion, covered in, but with the sides open. The ceiling is adorned by paintings, representing scenes from early Swiss history, and from the lives of their patron saints. Near it, the picturesque old lighthouse rises out of the flood, from which the city took its name—lighthouse being the same as Lucerne.

Another of these bridges is not only roofed but walled in, and on its walls is the panorama of Macabar—"The Dance of Death."

"All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river,
Rushes impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

"The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds, in different measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

"Here is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!

"Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with a Queen.

"And here the heart of a new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

"Under it is written,
'Nothing but death shall separate thee and me.'

"Here Death plays on a dulcimer. Behind him
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath
The inscription reads, 'Better is Death than Life.'"

We leave the great picture gallery of death, and emerge from the dismal bridge

"Where our steps sounded on the hollow planks
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies
The Lake of the Four Forest Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being. Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines."

THE MEASURE.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

GOD the Creator, with pulseless hand
Of unoriginated power, hath weighed
The dust of earth and tears of man in one
Measure and by one weight:
So saith His holy Book.

Shall *we*, then, who have issued from the dust,
And there return—shall *we*, who toil for dust,
And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,
Say, "No more tears, Lord God!
The measure runneth o'er?"

O Holder of the balance, laughest thou?
Nay, Lord! be gentler to our foolishness,
For His sake who assumed our dust and turns
On thee pathetic eyes
Still moistened with our tears!

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,
To look in patience upon earth and learn—
Waiting in that meek gesture, till at last
These tearful eyes be filled
With the dry dust of death!

THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

BY J. C.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

In a small room in Edinburgh Castle are exhibited the several articles known by the above designation, to which is attached a story no less interesting than romantic. Could the great dramatist who penned the line above quoted, visit the earth now, he might see in the events of these latter days a fulfilment of his words. The story attached, or rather some fragments of it, I now propose to tell—a story of bravery and patriotism in the winning and keeping, of secrecy and courage in the hiding, and of watchful jealousy in the second concealment of these relics. The visitor from America, unfamiliar as he must be with sceptres and crowns, cannot but be deeply impressed and interested, and in thinking of the long array of sovereigns whose heads have been so uneasily pressed by this crown, and whose hands have so ably or feebly wielded this sceptre, becomes lost in a maze of historical reminiscences. These symbols of Scottish independence have been guarded well and valued highly. No wonder need be felt at the pardonable pride which these northerners, whether Celt or Saxon, show in them, when the fact is understood that England can boast of nothing of the kind so ancient, for these emblems of royalty in that country were ruthlessly destroyed by the iconoclasts of the Commonwealth, so that at the Restoration a new crown had to be made. This has been since altered, and during the present year remodelled, so that, although containing many old jewels, (one having belonged to Edward the Black Prince) the workmanship is entirely modern.

It has been sometimes said that the natives of mountainous countries have displayed greater patriotism and done and suffered more for their country than the inhabitants of other lands. A parallel has been drawn as regards Scotland and Switzerland; Greece may also be mentioned,—all small countries, and more or less mountainous, each resisting far superior powers. But one country may be mentioned as an exception. The Netherlands, snatched from the sea by continued and labourious effort.

spared neither blood nor treasure in a struggle which dwarfs many we are accustomed to look upon as grand. The sneer of Goldsmith,

> "And calmly bent to servitude conform,
> Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm,"

might have been spared.

These Scottish relics consist of the crown, sceptre, mace, collar of the Order of the Garter, and different other jewels bequeathed by the last of the exiled Stuarts. Of these articles, each has a separate history. They have now been exibited to the public for fifty years since their discovery in an oak chest, where they had lain concealed for over a century. It may seem strange that their existence could be a secret for so long, and no adequate reason at first appears; but a glance at the history of those times explains, I think, the mystery. At the time of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland, much bitter feeling existed, and great jealousy was shown lest the Regalia should be removed to England. The 24th article of the Treaty stipulated that they should be retained in Scotland. We cannot wonder at a feeling of soreness on the point, when we remember that the union which has resulted so beneficially to both countries was brought about by the bribery, it must be said with shame, of many of Scotland's nobles, and was in defiance of the wishes of most of the people. Having lost their Parliament, they feared the crown would be carried to London also. The unhappy events of 1715 and 1745 all combined to keep down any reference to those symbols of independence. While such frantic efforts were made to restore the rule of these Stuarts who had attacked so relentlessly religious liberty, when in punishment the Highland dress was proscribed, it is not likely there would be any reference to the Regalia.

In 1794 the Crown room was opened by special warrant from George III., for records. Nothing was found but the chest, which, however, was not opened. In 1817, political animosity having now in great measure died away, the Prince Regent issued a commission to ten gentlemen, at the suggestion of Walter Scott, who had discovered in the Advocate's Library a clue to the existence of the missing relics, to open the Crown room, the entrance to which had been walled up, and to search for the long-lost

Regalia of Scotland. This was accordingly done, and the missing treasure found exactly as deposited 110 years before, the very imperfections mentioned in the account of them published in 1621 being found precisely as described. There they lay, brilliant sparkling gems, yellow shining gold, glittering steel, and royal ermine.

The story of the first concealment is more eventful, and the danger of destruction greater, as had they been seized by Cromwell's victorious army, they would no doubt have shared the fate of the crown and sceptre of England.

When Edward I., whose epitaph in Westminster Abbey reads thus, "Here lies Edward the Hammer of the Scottish nation," placed victorious garrisons in Scotland and put his heel on the neck of Scottish independence, he carried to England, in 1296, the crown, and many other articles, some even more valued, to one of which a superstitious value was attached. This was the celebrated Stone of Destiny, now placed in the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, about which that delightful compound of simplicity and wisdom, Sir Roger de Coverly, is described as asking, when told it was Jacob's pillar, "What authority they had for saying Jacob had ever been in Scotland?" A fabulous history, according to one version, traces it back to the time of Pharoah's daughter, another to the time of Romulus, when it was brought to Ireland and used for ages as a coronation stone, thence conveyed to Scotland, A.D. 842. The connection which it was supposed to have with the latter country is commemorated in a Latin stanza, thus rendered:

> "Unless the fates are faithless grown,
> And prophet's voice be vain,
> Where'er is found this Sacred Stone,
> The Scottish race shall reign."

Many feared the total enslavement of the country was betokened by its removal. So deeply rooted was the belief in the stanza, that when, three hundred years after, James VI. ruled in England, the dark saying was thought to have its true fulfilment.

When Robert Bruce, in 1306, was crowned, a plain circlet of gold was hastily made; this fell into the hands of Edward in the next year. The crown before us was made after the battle of Bannockburn; the work corresponds to that of the 14th century.

The weight is fifty-six ounces, and the circumference twenty-seven inches. An addition was made by James V., of two concentric arches, surmounted by a gold orb, in imitation of the crowns of several emperors, which were closed at the top. The sword, five feet in length, of Italian workmanship, the handle exquisitely carved, with scabbard of silver, was presented by Pope Julius II. The sceptre of silver was probably obtained in Paris by James V., when bringing home his bride. The collar of gold pieces was given as a present by Queen Elizabeth to her "dear kinsman," when made a Knight of the Garter. There are also the St. George, or badge of the same order; the St. Andrew having cut on onyx set round with diamonds the badge of the Thistle and an image of the Patron Saint containing a miniature of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James VI.; and last, the coronation ring of Charles I. The last four articles had various vicissitudes, three of them having been taken to England at the time of the Union; carried to France by James II. of England; and the young and old Pretender must each have had them in his possession while wandering in exile in France, Italy, and Holland. The Cardinal of York, the last male heir, brother of the young Pretender, bequeathed them to George IV., and by him they were allowed to be deposited in the crown room in 1830.

But the story of the hiding is yet untold. When Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, in 1650, had taken Edinburgh Castle and all the fortresses of Scotland except Dumbarton and Dunnottar, having been still further aggravated by these contumacious Scots in daring to crown Charles II. at Scone in 1651, he sent a large force to attack Dunnottar, where the Regalia had been placed for safety by the Lord Mareschal. When it became evident that sooner or later the castle must be surrendered, word was sent by the governor to King Charles, requesting a ship to come to convey away the treasure; but that king had no doubt other things to think of than a useless bauble which there seemed so little chance of his ever wearing. A plan was now devised, bold in its simplicity and successful in its accomplishment, by three women, the Countess Dowager Mareschal, Mrs. Ogilvy, the wife of the governor of the castle, and Christiana Fletcher, the wife of the Rev. James Grainger, of Kinneff, a small parish a few miles off. The last-mentioned obtained from the English general besieging the castle permission to visit the governor's

lady, and on her return carried a bundle of clothing hiding the crown. The English general himself unsuspiciously and gallantly helped her on her horse. Her maid followed on foot, bearing the sword and sceptre hidden in rolls of flax for spinning. How must their hearts have quaked in passing through the besieging army. In this case it was not the husband who kept the secret from the wife, but the wife from the husband, as the governor was told nothing, so that he could honestly deny all knowledge of the whereabouts of the treasure. The minister and his wife, however, shared this dangerous secret, for they in the night time raised a pavement stone near the pulpit, and another at the west end of the church, digging a receptacle and visiting the place secretly from time to time to renew the coverings for fear of injury.

When at last, in 1652, the castle was surrendered, great was the rage of the conquerors on finding the expected booty missing. The governor and his lady were subjected to fine and imprisonmont to disclose the secret. The two faithful custodians also fell under suspicion, and it is said were even tortured to disclose the secret, but a secret it remained, kept faithfully by all concerned. The health of the governor's lady gave way; her death is said to have been hastened by ill-treatment. The Lady Mareschal caused a report to be spread that the Regalia was removed to Paris, having been placed in the hands of Charles II. by her son, Sir John Keith. He, on his return, though severely treated, allowed this to be believed. At the Restoration, rewards were given to these brave custodians of the Regalia, though not in proportion to the danger they had incurred, and the articles were exhibited till 1707.

This same Dunnotar Castle has gained an unenviable notoriety in another way. Thirty years after, it contained a very different treasure, carefully guarded; but this time something in the sight of God more valuable than gold or gems—men and women, claimants for an incorruptible crown, cooped up in an underground vault, enduring almost the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In 1685, one hundred and sixty-seven prisoners, forty-five of them being women, were confined in what is called the Whig's Vault of this lonely rock in the sea, all having had a weary march from Edinburgh. Some died, as shown by an inscription repaired by "Old Mortality." Through the intercession

of the governor's wife, another vault was provided for part of them. Of those who survived a three months' imprisonment in a damp, unwholesome room, stifled, starved, suffering; some were finally sent to the plantations in America as slaves; a few who sacrificed their religious convictious were released.

When we think of all those unfortunate Stuarts who were invested, (no doubt with proudly swelling hearts) with this Regalia, of all the heads which have worn this crown which seemed almost always to bring disaster—we ask, has the region of fiction anything to compare with the thrilling adventures and sad fate of these men and women? From Marjory Bruce, the daughter of Robert Bruce, who married the Steward of Scotland, sprang a long line, the fate of each member seemingly more calamitous than that of the preceding. Of all who wore this crown, scarcely two died peacefully; three were killed in battle, two murdered, two were executed, three were prisoners in England for many years, five were crowned as infants. Of these unfortunate Stuarts, the earlier of the line were handsome, adventurous, brave, with strong love for music, painting, and poetry; but the latter sovereigns seemed to have deteriorated in England—the two last, whether as selfish sensualist or gloomy fanatic, being mere pensioners on England's foe.

David I., son of Robert Bruce, was the first of these royal prisoners, taken captive in 1346 by Queen Philippi, while her husband was making another royal prisoner in France. Strange that the poorer country strained every nerve, and loaded itself with debt, to ransom its king, kept captive eleven years, while the richer country allowed its sovereign, a prisoner at the same time in England, to die unransomed in a foreign land. The ransom, £100,000, equal to £1,200,000 of modern money, was paid up, principal and interest, in the next reign, that of Richard II., 1384. The young prince, grandson of this imprisoned king, was starved to death by his uncle. The younger brother was sent to France for safety, but on the way was seized by an English ship, 1405, and kept a prisoner for nineteen years. But he brought back with him, as some slight compensation, an educated mind and a determination to introduce better laws. A scholar, poet, musician, skilled in painting and architecture, happy besides in that he carried with him the fair English girl, Lady Jane Beaufort, who inspired "The King's Quhair." The work of this

royal author has been much praised for its "exquisite delicacy, and the chivalrous attributes of purity and grace, the absence of every gross or immodest thought." This is the opinion of so good a judge as Washington Irving. It is modeled on the works of Gower and Chaucer, whom he acknowledged as his masters, and is no more difficult to read than the Canterbury Tales. The version slightly modernized by Mr. Tytler (Lord Woodhouslee) thus describes the King's first sight from the window of his prison of his future queen walking in the gardens below:

"Then, as it hapt, mine eyes I cast below,
And there I spied, beneath my prison tower,
Telling her beads in walking to and fro,
The fairest and the freshest youthful flower
That ever I beheld before that hour.
Entranced I gazed, and with the sudden start
Rushed instant all the blood into my heart.
* * * * * * My senses all
Were so o'ercome with pleasure and delight,
Only with letting thus mine eyes to fall,
That instantly mine heart became her thrall
For ever of free will."

This same James I. was the king who was murdered at Perth, and this same fair English girl, "the fairest and the freshest youthful flower," now a widow, exacted a barbarous vengeance on the assassins.

We have the romantic story of the brave Catherine Douglas placing her arm through the staple of the door, in the absence of the bolt, only to have it ruthlessly broken, in the attempt to save her king, concealed in the vault below. James II. and III. were both slain in battle. James IV., unwarned by the mysterious herald at Edinburgh Cross, ventured to attack his royal brother-in-law. His death at Flodden, with the flower of Scottish chivalry, caused a mourning long and bitter, as it was said not a family of any importance but lost father, husband, brother, or son. James V., that handsome gallant, was, perhaps, the saddest spectacle of all—at the age of thirty-one dying of grief caused by the insubordination of his nobles, and the loss of his army. News was brought on his death-bed of the birth of a daughter; with a sigh he said, "It came with a lass, it will gang with a lass," meaning the Stuart dynasty originating with

Marjory Bruce, and expired. Little that dying father thought that historians would, three centuries later, be still disputing as to the guilt or innocence of that daughter.

With the thought of Mary comes up that of the stern Knox. Could there be a greater contrast? The beautiful queen who "placed her foot upon a triple throne," brought up in gay, pleasure-loving France, and the stern Reformer, scarred with the marks of the cruel whip in the galleys of France for his religion. There must be reformers, and they can not be made of silken materials, with smooth words. But while we honour Knox for his religious zeal and uncompromising condemnation of evil; for his far-reaching wisdom in creating the system of parish schools which, perhaps, has done more for his country than anything else, except, shall we say, his faith—was he not unnecessarily harsh with Mary, as much devoted to her faith as he to his? And was there not (low be it spoken) a good deal of *masculine* intolerance at their assumption of power in his "Blast against the Monstrous Regiment (regimen, government) of Women," touching as severely on Elizabeth as Mary? Little did that father think that the crown placed on that infant head would be placed on that of her son, also an infant, while she was a captive in the power of her rival; and that after so long an imprisonment, her own head should fall on the scaffold, and that her grandson, ruler now on the throne of that rival, should be executed by his own subjects.

Why does a modern historian go out of his way to blame the craft of one queen, and praise the same quality in the other? The reply of Elizabeth, when in danger of her life, to those sent to interrogate her as to her belief in transubstantiation, shows well the subtlety of her mind, her ability and skill in fence:

> "Christ's was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what that word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

In a weird word-picture, perhaps unequalled in history, Froude represents the unfortunate queen as going out of life into the mysteries of the world beyond with a lie in her right hand. It is even represented as a crime that she was grey and wrinkled. I protest in the name of all that is kind and good and merciful, against thus hounding down one who differed from us in faith.

Oh, historians, how blind, partial and unfair you sometimes are, defending by every art in your power Elizabeth and her royal father, and handing down to the scorn of future generations this one weak woman! How impossible to recognize the Stuarts and William of Orange, of Froude, Macaulay, and Strickland, as being the same individuals! *

Charles I. wished the Regalia to be brought to England, but this not being allowed, he went to Scotland, and was crowned at Scone, 1633. Charles II. was the last king on whose brow the crown rested, as James II. refused to take the coronation oath The descendants of those who had so patriotically preserved the crown, nay, of those who had done so much for Charles, were to suffer much from both himself and his brother. The crown was placed on his head by Argyll, whom he afterwards, with base ingratitude, executed. Charles, false in all things, is well described by his boon companion, Lord Rochester, as witty and wicked as himself:

> "Here lies our Sovereign Lord, King Charles,
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

What changes had taken place in the century during which these glittering baubles lay hidden. In Edinburgh itself, the dance and feast went on, while Charles Edward held high holiday, charming the hearts of the ladies; the grief and tears flowed fast when it was known that he was a fugitive, and their fathers and brothers were "trod to the plain by proud Cumberland, prancing, insulting the slain." What a strange sight was that, too, which these streets beheld, when a mob—not a wild, disorderly rabble, indulging in plunder and arson, but quiet and well-led, even paying for the rope used to carry out their grim vengeance,—battered down the walls of the Tolbooth to bring out and execute a reprieved prisoner. What a galaxy of literary giants, too—Hume, Robertson, Smollet, Jeffreys, Campbell, Scott, Brougham, and poor Burns—here lived and wrote, while still the crown room held its hidden treasure.

*It would be an ungrateful task to criticise this *perferfidum ingenium* of a Scottish lady writing of the national idol—the lovely and unfortunate "Queen of Scots."—Ed.

In the world beyond, too, what changes were taking place—half a continent transferred from Imperial France to England, and in a score of years the other half throwing off the shackles of the mother country; fair France, red with blood, alike of peasant, peer, and prince, in the world-shaking contest with the greatest military despot the age had seen; the rise of that great power, Methodism, from poor and despised beginnings; victories great, by sea and land; and the growth of another mighty empire in the far east.

> "Yet, I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

What cause for gratitude have we, that our Queen, while so many of her ancestors have held the sceptre so short a time, has spent a long peaceful reign, beloved and respected for the purity of her court, her unswerving adherence to duty, her love of right; that while other rulers have suffered violent deaths, alike in the land of despotism and of freedom, she has worn the crown worthily—

> "In that fierce light which beats against the throne,
> And blackens every blot."

We may join in the words of England's poet, and

> "Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
> His Saxons in blown seas and storming showers,"

as well as join in the prayer—

> "O Statesmen, guard us—guard the eye, the soul
> Of Europe; keep our noble England whole,
> And save the one true seed of freedom sown
> Betwixt a people and their ancient throne—
> That sober freedom out of which there springs
> Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent.
>
> * * * * * * *

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet,
Above her shook the starry lights,
She heard the torrents meet.
Then stept she down thro' town and fold,
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fulness of her face.
Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes."

WAITING.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

I AM waiting; only waiting;
Waiting, Lord, to know Thy will;
Waiting 'mid the clouds and darkness,
For Thy quiet, "*Peace be still!*"
I am waiting, only waiting;
Waiting, Lord! upon Thee still.

Dark the Night has closed around me,
And I do not see my way,
But I wait. For thine appearing
Turns the darkness into day,
And I'm waiting; simply waiting;
Waiting for its faintest ray.

To the hills mine eyes I'm lifting,
Whence the Morning comes to view,
And the midnight clouds in drifting,
Let the struggling brightness through.
And I'm waiting; simply waiting;
Till its radiance reach me too!

While I wait, new vigour fires me,
Like the eagle's, in its flight;
And a heavenly zeal inspires me,
With a sweet, new-born delight;
And in waiting, simply waiting;
Darkness kindles into Light!

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AND THE NEW NORTH-WEST.*

BY T. E. PENDERGAST.

FAR away in the North-west, as far beyond St. Paul as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm about to jump from its present state of trackless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to the condition of the most prosperous Western States. Here, bounded on the south by Dakota and Montana, west by the Rocky Mountains, north and east by the great Peace River and the chain of lakes and rivers that stretch from Lake Athabasca to Winnipeg, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such States as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

In fact, the extent of available land in these new countries is apt to be under-estimated, for if the traveller does not see prairies waist-deep in the richest grass, he is apt to set them down as barren lands, and if he crosses a marsh, he at once stamps it as land too wet for cultivation. Those, however, who remember the early days of Illinois and Iowa, have seen lands then passed by as worthless swamps, now held at high prices as the best of meadow-land. This is a land of rolling prairies and table-lands, watered by navigable rivers, and not devoid of timber.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated for by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grains and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the south-east corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail.

*We have pleasure in reprinting from *Harper's Magazine*, the estimate of an intelligent American of our great North-west.—ED.

Most of our ideas of this region are derived from travellers who traversed it in midwinter, toiling along wearily day after day on snow-shoes or with Esquimaux dogs and sleds, cold, hungry, and shelterless: no wonder that we have learned to think of it as an arctic region!

Listen to what Butler writes of it when about to start from Portage la Prairie for Edmonton in his first trip. (These opinions, however, were much modified afterward.) "A long journey lay before me: nearly 3,000 miles would have to be traversed before I could reach the neighbourhood of even this lonely spot itself, this last verge of civilization. The terrific cold of a winter of which I had heard, a cold so intense that travel ceases except in the vicinity of the forts of the Hudson Bay Company, a cold which freezes mercury, and of which the spirit registers 80° of frost—this was to be the thought of many nights, the ever-present companion of many days. Between this little camp fire and the giant mountains to which my footsteps were turned there stood in that long 1,200 miles but six houses."

This was in 1870. Now hear what Mr. Anderson, another English traveller, writes in 1880, just ten years later: "From Poplar Point to Portage la Prairie the land seemed perfection—dry and workable soil, light but rich in the extreme, evidence the magnificent crops of wheat we passed. A farmer to whom I spoke shook his head and said: 'The black-birds are bad enough, but there's plenty for us all; in spite of them I shall have thirty-five bushels to the acre.' Portage la Prairie, which a few years ago was part of an uninhabited waste, is now a thriving little town, with a couple of hotels and half a dozen machine dèpôts."

Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and hot autum-

nal sun the grasses, instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But what cared the Company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employés, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. The Company received in return a million and a half of dollars, a reservation of land around their forts, and one-twentieth of the lands within the fertile belt. It is not necessary for us to follow the quarrelling, the wire-pulling, the attempts to harmonize conflicting interests, that followed the attempts of the Government to inaugurate this scheme. To the Pacific Railway at least one administration owed its downfall. Finally, in 1881, after public money to a vast amount had been expended on surveys, and some of the road actually constructed, a bargain was concluded with an association of capitalists, called "a syndicate," to complete the undertaking. The syndicate agreed to complete a railroad of the standard gauge from Lake Nipissing, near the north-east shore of Lake Huron, to Port Moody, on Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia, nearly opposite the south end of Vancouver Island, by May 1, 1891, and to maintain and operate the same forever. In return they were allowed to charge certain tolls, had liberal exemptions from taxation, were given $25,000,000 in cash, 25,000,000 acres of land, and about 700 miles of railroad already built or contracted for by the Government, valued at about $30,000,000 more.

In short, the Government was only too glad to get clear of the whole scheme, and give a royal bounty to any one willing and able to finish it. It is said that $3,000,000 had been spent on surveys alone, and that 12,000 miles of different routes had been actually surveyed with instrument and chain. No doubt the Government hoped, by entrusting the enterprise to private hands, to hasten both the completion of the railroad and the settlement of the country, as it was manifestly to the interest of the syndicate that their lands should be sold and settled as rapidly as

possible, which could hardly be done except as the road was built.

Now it is evident that the growth of this region will be rapid, probably more rapid, indeed, than that of the American Western States that lie beyond the lakes; for in them there had been a slow but steady increase of population from a comparatively early day, and when the railroads began to grid-iron the country from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains, the States east of the Missouri already possessed a considerable population.

In the new North-west, however, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untrodden except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our Government or land-grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is already completed 150 miles west of Winnipeg, [now over 400 miles] which is already connected with the American North-western railroads, and it is hoped, not without reason, that 650 miles will be completed toward the mountains the present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed, not to accomodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now it seems as if nothing short of some financial panic, some gross blundering or stupidity, could delay the construction of the railroad, or check the flood of immigration that must surely pour in.

Here we shall have a chance to see how Canadian enterprise compares with American. The Northern Pacific Railway has its agents far and wide trying to induce settlers to purchase its lands and furnish traffic for its lines. The two railroads are not far apart, and the Canadians have quite as good, if not better, lands to offer. Will they be as energetic, as successful, as their cousins across the line?

The climate of this region is far from what one would expect from its northern latitude. While it can not be said to be entirely safe from early frosts as far north as Dunvegan, in latitude 56°, there is seldom any from the middle of May till September, and even the tender cucumber attains maturity. Wheat, barley, and vegetables ripen every season at the various posts along the Pearl River. Wheat ripens even as far north as Fort

Simpson, in latitude 62°, while wheat and barley from the Lake Athabasca district took a medal at the Centennial. These crops, it is true, have been raised on the bottom-lands along the river, and though the table-lands on each side are several hundred feet higher, they are protected by that very elevation from those late and early frosts everywhere prevalent on low-lying bottom-lands.

The physical features of this region are noteworthy. The international boundary in latitude 49° traverses the divide betwen the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean. Here is a comparatively barren table-land elevated about 4,000 feet above the sea, and swept in winter by the fiercest blizzards, those blinding storms when the air seems filled with the finest snow driven at hurricane speed by winds that penetrate an ordinary overcoat as if it were but muslin. Two hundred and fifty miles to the north the general level is 1,000 feet lower; go yet 300 more, and the general elevation is but 1,700 feet above sea-level, while the winter storms have lost much of their severity. On the other hand, the summits of the Rocky Mountains go on increasing in height from latitude 49° to latitude 52°, where from an altitude of 16,000 feet the summits of Mount Brown and Mount Hooker look down on the fertile plains at the sources of the Saskatchewan. Here a strange anomaly occurs. Near this point two of the lowest passes, the Yellowhead, with an elevation of 3,760 feet, and the House Pass, but little higher, and but sixty miles apart, contain between them some of the loftiest summits of the range. So gradual is the ascent of the Yellowhead (or Tête-jaune) Pass that travellers approaching it from the east first become conscious of having passed the dividing ridge when they see the water flowing to the west. While this forms the best pass for a railroad, it is open to the objection that beyond it in British Columbia lies a wilderness of tangled mountains covered with dense forests of gigantic timber, through which the railroad must force its way. The valley of the Fraser, resembling a cleft made by some mighty sword, and seeming to bid defiance to the engineer, forms the only known route through this labyrinth of mountains. Here, however, so much work toward the construction of the railroad has already been done by the government that the route by this pass and river may be said to be fixed.

Three hundred miles to the north the great Peace River flows

calmly through the range only 1,800 feet above the sea, except at one point, where it boils for about ten miles through a rocky cañon, and even thus far north Butler found vegetation well advanced in May. To the west for about three hundred miles across British Columbia no obstacle to a railroad exists, and here we shall some day see a Pacific Railway. Some reader may ask, "But what of the country to the north?" It is either covered by the great forest that stretches toward the Arctic Ocean, or lies open in what are called the barren lands.

The reindeer, the wood buffalo, and that relic of ages gone by, the musk-ox, sometimes stray down to Lake Athabasca from these regions of the North, and where they make their home there can be little inducement for man to dwell.

Now let us look at the route and the distance to be traversed by this railroad.

	Miles.
From Brockville and Ottawa to Lake Nipissing	290
" Lake Nipissing to Thunder Bay	650
" Thunder Bay to Winnipeg	425
" Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains	800
" Rocky Mountains to Kamloops	450
" Kamloops to Port Moody	220
" Winnipeg to Pembina (branch)	65
	2,900

Of this the Government has built, or is building, and will turn over to the syndicate when the rest of the route is completed:

	Miles.
From Thunder Bay to Winnipeg	425
" Kamloops to Port Moody	220
" Pembina branch	65
	710

The 290 miles east of Lake Nipissing were already built, and were bought by the syndicate, so there remains for them just 1,900 miles to build. From Lake Nipissing to Winnipeg for 1,075 miles its route traverses a little-settled and comparatively unknown country, said to be rich in lumber and minerals, but with very little tillable land. For 800 miles from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains the country has been already described, nor can there be any doubt as to its rapid settlement or the early construction of new branches and other parallel railroads. Those who have

crossed the continent by the route of the Union and Kansas Pacific Railroads will remember how rapidly one gets into an arid country after leaving the Missouri. Here it is quite different. The soil and climate are as good at the base of the mountains as at the Red River, and the rain-fall as abundant. It must be borne in mind, too, in speaking of this country, that wheat grown here fetches from seven to ten cents a bushel more than that grown south of the latitude of St. Paul. To the farmer this represents about two dollars per acre additional on an average crop—no small consideration when it costs no more for cultivation or harvesting.

From the Rocky Mountains to Port Moody almost the entire distance is through a labyrinth of densely-timbered mountains, worthless as yet because inaccessible, but destined to grow in value as our eastern pine becomes exhausted. Of the natural wealth of the north-west coast it is hard to speak in measured terms, for in climate, in fertile soil, in fruit, in lumber, in coal, in fisheries of the finest salmon, it seems as if the best gifts of nature had been poured out with unstinted hand. Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia form three sister states, closely resembling each other, yet each possessing some wealth of its own; but the greatest riches of coal and iron, so far as known, lie within the British possessions.

A part of the grain crop of this new North-west will have but 750 miles to go to reach tide-water on the Pacific; some of it has but 500 miles to reach lake navigation at Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, and a railroad is projected from Winnipeg to Port Nelson, on Hudson Bay, a distance of 300 miles, whence to Liverpool it is some miles shorter than from New York. The bay is open for about four months, but the straits at its entrance are much obstructed by ice, and could not be depended on for more than three months of navigation, if even for that. Hence a crop would have to wait over one season for shipment by this route. But it matters little as to routes. When the wheat is grown, it will seek the best market by the cheapest route, without regard to flag or frontier.

As to the future of the Canadian Pacific Railway it is hard to predict. That it will serve the purpose for which it was built, namely, to settle up the country, and link the colonies in a closer union, is certain; that it will be profitable to operate is less so.

The larger part of the eastern and western divisions traverse regions which must be slow of settlement, where for a long time the local traffic must be small, and though the through traffic will pass over them, that business is far smaller and less remunerative than is commonly supposed. Of the large dividends of the Union Pacific Railroad but a very small fraction is earned on the through business, and its amount is surprisingly small.

However, in length and in grades the Canadian route will compare favorably with any further south; and from the forests north of Lake Superior lumber will be carried to the central prairie regions, and thither also will be brought the fine coal of British Columbia, all of which will help to furnish local business to the less promising divisions, and with such grants of money, land, and finished road, it would seem as if there might be some dividends for the stockholders.

SUNWARD.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—JOHN v. 12.

STRONG Elder-Brother—Son of God!
I kiss Thy glistening garments' fold,
And follow where its hem of gold
Transfigures with its touch the sod.

I marvel at the Love that laid
Upon itself the nameless woe
That broke Thy human heart to know,
Yet, knowing, left Thee undismayed.

But more I marvel that the Love
Which yielded to the touch of death
Still lives—of all that lives the breath—
The Life of life below—above.

O Life, how limitless thy day!
I float upon the blessed air
A mote—yet conscious of Thy care,
While earth and shadows drift away.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

JAMES EVANS,

THE PLANTER OF METHODIST MISSIONS IN RUPERT'S LAND.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE name I have mentioned is that of one to whose memory no adequate justice has yet been done; nor will it now ever be done, as the time has gone by for publishing and circulating successfully a suitable biography of this variously-endowed, heroic, and indefatigable labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Yet, in this short article, I will endeavour to rescue a deserving name from oblivion and present an example which should be an inspiration to our rising ministry.

James Evans owed much to physical and mental constitution, not to say real genius, to parental care, to early opportunities, and to providential occurrences, but most of all to the exceeding grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Much of these will appear in the straightforward narrative furnished by his surviving brother, the Rev. Ephraim Evans, D.D., supplemented and illustrated by our own Canadian remembrances and records.

Evans was English—born in King's Place, Town and County of Kingston-upon-Hull, January 18th, 1801. His parents were Wesleyan Methodists, named respectively James and Mary Evans. His father was the master of a merchant ship. In the latter part of 1800 he sailed for Cronstadt, a Russian port on the Baltic. While there an embargo was laid on all British ships, and their crews were marched up into the interior. War was expected to be declared against England, and Mrs. Evans was doubtful whether her husband would ever return; and on the birth of a son in the abeence of his father, she had him taken to Carthruse Methodist Chapel, in Hull, and had him consecrated to God. After the assassination of the Emperor Paul, however, pacific councils prevailed, the embargo was taken off, and the detained English sailors were permitted to return to their own country.

James was a hardy, fearless, active boy, a good swimmer, and at the early age of eight years he manifested a strong predilection for his father's profession, a sea-faring life, to which his

father, knowing its hardships and exposures, said he would never consent. Nevertheless, on the principle of curing the bite by a hair of the dog which had inflicted it, he concluded that a short voyage would be the best thing to disgust the boy with his hankering after a life on shipboard; he therefore took the lad when of the age above indicated, on two voyages, one to Dantzic and one to Copengagen, giving him very hard fare the while.

Shortly after this his father took charge of the *Triton,* transport and troop ship, and proceeded to the Mediterranean. He was there joined by his wife and their youngest son. James and Ephraim were sent to boarding school in Lincolnshire, where James remained until his fifteenth year. He was then apprenticed to learn the business of a grocer, boarding with his employer, who was an office-holder in the Methodist Chapel.

During this time he was converted under the ministry of the famous Irish missionary, Gideon Ouseley, while making a tour of England collecting funds for the relief of embarrassed Irish chapels. According to the worthy economy of Wesleyan Methodism, he was shortly after placed on the prayer leader's, and then the local preacher's plan, and performed earnest and acceptable services in the outskirts of the town and in adjacent villages.

Shortly before the emigration of the family to Canada James removed to London, and was employed in a large glass and crockery establishment, where he remained about two years, and then proceeded to join the family group at Lachute, Lower Canada. He had declined in religion, and his connection with Methodism had in the meantime ceased, but his admiration for her doctrines and ecomomy remained the same.

After a few months, he opened a school in the neighbourhood of L'Orignal, where he formed an acquaintance with Miss Mary Blithe Smith, which ripened into love and marriage. This occurred about the year 1822 or '23, when he was not much passed twenty-one. About 1825, they removed to Upper Canada. At a camp-meeting in Augusta, he renewed his covenant with God, and left the meeting rejoicing in the Divine favour, and in the conversion of his wife, who thenceforward was his devoted helper in the great work of winning souls to Christ—cheerfully sharing in all the circuit labours and missionary hardships to which his talents and energies were without stint devoted.

His first entrance upon Indian work in connection with Canadian Methodism, was that of organizing a school at Rice Lake, in 1828, to which he was introduced by the indefatigable Elder Case. He and his wife won the hearts of their dusky flock, both old and young, although the scanty resources of the missionary treasury left them often for a considerable time in painful destitution. A friend, upon one visit, found their only food fried fish roes, with an addition of a little flour. Their sojourn at that place comprised three years. Here he began to evince his interest in everything Indian, including the study and systematizing of their language, which pointed him out as specially adapted to the work of native evangelization, and laid the foundation for his great success in that work. I had the honour of attending his last quarterly meeting of his last year at Rice Lake, and, returning, we were conveyed across the lake, his horse included, on a raft in default of a scow.

The Credit Mission was one of the oldest and best: it sought the improvement of a large band of Missasaugas, whose fertile lands skirted a sizable river, noted for salmon fishing, central between the two ends of the province. It had been intrusted to men of more than usual calibre—Egerton and George Ryerson and James Richardson, while it was Elder Case's frequent resting place, and the proper home and place of his translation work, and was the base of the evangelizing operations of the notable Ka-ke-way-quon-a-by, or Peter Jones, native missionary. Yet it was thought proper that Evans should be entrusted to take up and further carry on the great work they had done. Of his one year's sojourn at that place, I find that I said in my biographical history, "There was not much in that well-organized mission to display those qualities of enterprise by which he was characterised; but, besides looking after his pastoral charge he went forward with those researches into the Indian languages and dialects which afterwards made him the successful translator and systematizer of aboriginal tongues, missionary explorer, and labourer."

The power of Mr. Evans' ministry among the white settlements adjacent to his two several mission stations, together with the great demand at that time for ministers of ability and energy to supply central places, led to his being withdrawn by the stationing authority from mission work for the the space of two

years, and to his being employed on two such important circuits as Ancaster, (really Hamilton,) and St. Catharines, in the former of which circuits he and his colleague were the instruments of a very marked revival, including several hundreds, which counted among the number the names of Edward and Lydia Jackson, names which will never be erased from the roll of Canadian Methodist worthies.

The events and achievements of these last two years show, that had Mr. Evans remained in the "regular work" among civilized white people, he would have stood in the front rank of capable and useful ministers.

But now, at the opening of 1834-35, events were occurring, and demands were being made for his services in the Indian department once more, in a new field and on a wider scale, which in the issue demonstrated his exceptional capacity for missionary pioneering, and committed him for the rest of his life to labours in the "regions beyond."

There was, up to the year 1832, a large body of un-Christianized Indians, at what we now know as Sarnia, and at several other places on and near the upper end of the St. Clair River. About that time, invited by the Colonial Government, the Wesleyan Missionary authorities of England, thought they were discharged from territorial restrictions, and called to take a part, along with the Canada Conference, in evangelizing the aborigines in and adjacent to Upper Canada. Pursuant to this plan, as the Lieutenant-Governor was, just about that time, trying his hand at civilizing experiments in the neighbourhood of Sarnia, (experiments, by the way, which were attended with very ill success, while unaccompanied by the Gospel,) the Rev. Thos. Turner was sent in 1832 to commence missionary operations.

The obdurate character of the paganism and savagery to be overcome, joined to worthy Mr. Turner's want of acquaintance with the Indians and the wilder parts of the country, prevented his meeting with any success. A sterner and more experienced agent was required, and was found in the person of James Evans, and that heroic and versatile man was stationed by the Conference of 1834 at "St. Clair."

He went "without gainsaying," and entered on every part of the multifarious work, which devolved upon him—visiting, conciliating, building, preaching, praying, studying the language,

translating and getting his translations printed—a work he patiently continued four long weary years. During that time, a church and mission-house were erected, fields were won from the wilderness, schools were organized and taught, and printed hymns and other books were put into the hands of his flock, old and young, out of which they read and sang of the wonderful works of God.

His brother, the Rev. Dr. Evans, says in general terms of James' Sarnia appointment and labours: "A sweeping tide of converting power changed the entire character of the tribe, and greatly stimulated him to a critical study of the language, and to the translation of portions of the holy scriptures, and a publication of the translation of many of the Methodist hymns. To this day his name is as ointment poured forth in the memories of the few aged persons still remaining, who, through his instrumentality, were rescued from the chains and bondage of paganism, and translated into the kingdom of His dear Son."

As an instance of the "push," which, under God, was one of the means which brought about these pleasing results, I may mention the substance of an adventure related to me by Dr. Evans: The missionary had been to York on some errand connected with his work, and returning homeward got as far west as the incipient town of London. He had supplies and missionary paraphernalia for his isolated and distant station, but there was no possible wheeled conveyance to carry him and his luggage to his place of destination by any one of the usual routes, short or long. His friend, Squire Morrell, at whose house he was staying, advised him to be patient and wait till the way opened, but that might have been for many days, if not weeks; but his family and flock needed his presence, and it was not in his nature to be baulked by trifles. He resolved on a course of action which he promptly carried out. He bought "siding" and other material for a skiff, put in the "knees" and sided it up; next he decked it over—perfectly water-tight—leaving a space in the decking, opposite the row-locks, large enough for him to sit or kneel upright. Under the decking he stowed food, bedding, and whatever he was carrying home, and launched the craft on the then swollen and turbulent waters of the Thames, and started on his risky voyage. There were shoals, logs, and overhanging tree tops to be encountered, but he was equal to each

emergency, and he sailed, or paddled, as the case might be, past where Kilworth and Delaware now flourish, through the Indian reservation at Muncey,—circling the BIG BEND; on past Moraviantown, through the embryo town of Chatham, past the great marshes circling lake St. Clair, till he met the river of the same name, when turning up stream he passed Walpole Island, until the high banks of Sarnia and home hove in sight. He had to run several rapids and to pitch over mill-dams. People on the banks, here and there, warned him of danger and begged him to stop. He bowed or waved his hand politely, and glided on through rough and smooth, getting well submerged at times, but coming up all right; and finally received the hearty embraces of his family and greetings of his flock uninjured—thus performing an exploit that would have procured laurels and rewards to an explorer or guerrilla warrior.

But why draw on oral statements and traditions? I find that in my biographical history, a work so minute and voluminous, I had to deplore the want of space to register all the thrilling incidents and matters of interest which transpired in connection with our hero and the St. Clair Mission: my language in relation to this place and its missionary, relative to 1835-36, (Vols. IV. V.,) was as follows: "The St. Clair Mission was now in the midst of its early prosperity, under the efficient labours of the truly missionary-spirited James Evans. He has left papers enough in MS. and print to make a sizable volume relating to this mission alone. They comprise a private journal, translations, Indian vocabularies, letters of the most playful kind to his family when absent, letters from others bearing on the work of Indian preaching and translations, and published reports in the *Guardian*." I will mention a few interesting facts in the briefest and most hurried manner possible.

Of the year 1836-37, I find the following particulars in my history above referred to (Vol. IV. p. 127): "James Evans remained at St. Clair, being in every department adapted to advance the cause—preaching, translating, and superintending publications, which last caused him to spend a considerable part of the year in New York."

During this long absence from his family he and they were kept at starvation point; under such circumstances did our pioneers establish our work, both circuit and missionary.

During the last year of Mr. Evan's sojourn on the St. Clair, Walpole Island was taken into his field of labour, and a missionary hero like himself was appointed as a true yoke-fellow along with him, in a work in which both their hearts were absorbed, and for which they were both eminently qualified, by a knowledge of the Indian character, habits, and their languages. The economy and self-denial practiced by Mr. Evans to avoid all expense possible will appear from some extracts of letters which belong to this year: "According to my resolution I took a deck passage on board the steamer *Buffalo*, and slept three nights on the softest plank I could select; by this means I contrived to reach Toronto, without having to stop to work on the road. I flattered myself that I should, in my blanket coat, pass through the voyage unrecognized; and that, consequently, my pride would not be wounded; but, behold, first came Mr. Orvis, of Black River, after we were on our way, 'How do you do, Mr. E.?' Next the engineer, 'Elder, are you going to Buffalo?' And to crown all, at dinner time a boy came with, 'Elder, will you come to dinner?' I had the satisfaction of saying, 'O, I am a deck passenger!' At Cleveland came a gentleman residing near the Credit, who very soon recognized me, and congratulated himself, saying, 'I am very glad I shall have some company,' and when the bell rang for breakfast, said, 'Come, we shall lose our seats!' 'I am a deck passenger,' said I, nor did I care a sou. Thus I had a chance of doing penance, and I hope it has done me no harm." He said he escaped the "gambling and swearing" in the cabin.

At the opening of the year, 1838-39, the Church entered on wider fields of Indian evangelization; and a region only occasionally visited, and partially occupied before, was now to be brought under complete cultivation and to be permanently occupied; and two of the foremost men in the ranks of the missionary labourers were to take possession of the territory in the name of the King of kings. These were no others than James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt. He proceeded at once to his new field of labour, leaving his family in Canada, and singing his pilgrim song—

"I lodge awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro
Till I my Canaan gain."

Mr. Evans was soon called to his long and widest field of missionary enterprise and toil. The British Conference, or their Missionary Committee, had determined on sending missionaries among the various Indian tribes which wandered in vast hordes over the wide and wild expanse of the Hudson Bay Territory; and requiring a man of the needed qualifications and experience and heroism, to conduct the bloodless conquest, they asked Mr. Evans to head this important enterprise. He at once gave his consent, and in the following spring (1846) he went out to the Hudson Bay Territory.

Mr. Evans took with him from Canada two young Indian assistants, Peter Jacobs and Henry Steinhaur. His wife and daughter Euphemia also accompanied him. He missed the Hudson Bay brigade of canoes, which, leaving Montreal, passed up the Ottawa River, and gained the Hudson Bay Territory by its tributaries. With these, three or four of his European fellow pioneers had gone. He says of them, "They are all young, hearty, and talented." He and his companions, therefore, were forced to take another route. This, though at first it seemed untoward, saved him, as he remarked, "fifteen hundred miles canoeing." He and his company went up the lakes and rivers past Detroit, Sarnia, and the intermediate places, into Lake Huron, Superior, and the rest of the water way. He says, "I shall reach Fort William without getting into a canoe." (From that point, however, they resorted to the canoe again.) "Our goods have gone to London, England, to be sent to Hudson Bay, where they will arrive this fall." "I shall see the Pacific yet, God willing, as one of the young men (missionaries) goes to Rocky Mountain House, and my duty is to visit them as soon as possible." His own local position was Norway House,—where he gathered and established a noble Mission,—with the superintendency of all the Hudson Bay Territory Missions, extending many hundred miles north and west. He performed prodigies of labour and adventure during the six years he was there. He planted five or six most important Missions at central points; gathered in hundreds of souls; traversed that vast, wild country from side to side and from end to end, over and over again, in summer's heat and in winter's cold; studying the languages and dialects, especially mastering the Cree, for which he invented a syllabic character, by which nine characters, by being each

turned, or placed, in four different ways, expressed thirty-six elementary syllabic sounds of the language; and, after manufacturing both types and press himself, printed hymns and portions of the New Testament, thus, as it were, fixing a written language and giving the people a literature. In labours and exposure he took the lead of all others, being often months from home, and conducting his correspondence with his family on strips of birch-bark.

In the absence of his journals, diaries, incipient memoranda in language-making (both as to etymology and syntax), and vast numbers of letters of his own and others to him, which have passed out of my hands, I will introduce a paragraph or two of a private letter, addressed to me, at my own request, by his highly respected and venerable brother, the Rev. Dr. Evans, which relates to the Hudson Bay period of his history. Doctor Evans says :—

"You know his entrance into and untiring prosecution of missionary work in the vast territory of the Hudson Bay Company, and some of its grand results. The peculiar difficulties and painful trials which he had there to encounter will never be fully known, nor the wonderful triumphs which he achieved.

"His fearless spirit, resolute self-denial, and power of endurance were matter of astonishment even to the traders and *voyageurs* of that vast region. I was told by factors and agents of the Company, when in British Columbia, who had known him in the great Saskatchewan country, that he was famed for unflinching courage, sometimes approaching recklessness, in running rapids which were always shunned by both white men and Indians. To save time in reaching his destination was with him a cardinal duty. Natural courage, combined with unshaken confidence in God, enabled him to achieve wonders in his lengthened journeys.

"While much respected and aided by most of the Company's officers, he had to encounter much opposition from some of them in regard to Sabbath observance, which he always enjoined upon the Indians, both at their homes, and in his lengthened journeys by canoe and dog-sled. The day was a veritable day of rest. In several instances, he purposely started for distant points simultaneously with the Company's brigades, and always succeeded in reaching the destination before the brigades which travelled on the Sabbath; and this, notwithstanding the odds against him, in the Company's choice of their best and most experienced *voyageurs*. During the visit of Sir George Simpson, the then Governor of the Territory, the powerful influence of that gentleman was strongly arrayed against him on the Sabbath question, Sir George fearing that the resting on that day, by the many Indians and others in their employment, would injuriously affect the

Company's interests. James went down to Fort Garry, met Sir George and the Council, and contended several hours for the right of the Indians to enjoy the rest. In answer to threats that any who disobeyed the Company's orders, should have no access to the stores, and should be deprived of ammunition for their hunting purposes, he told the Governor that if such measures were resorted to, the whole matter would be brought before the Aborigines' Protection Society in England, and, by petition, before the Queen and Parliament. The contest was warm, but the truth prevailed.

"You know his great success in the invention of the characters in which the Cree language is now written and printed. For some years permission to introduce types and a press was refused, but he laboured on, casting leaden blocks from the lining of the chests in which tea was brought into the country, and whittling them into shape as best he could; and, by a rough, improvised press of his own manufacture, succeeded in printing many hymns, sections of the Holy Scriptures, and primary school-books, which were of great service. I was in England, in 1841, when a set of his home-made types was recieved by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and took some part with them in obtaining permission from the Directors of the Hudson Bay Company to have a font cast, and, with a press, sent out to Norway House, pledges being given that they would be used only for our Mission work. Their arrival was cause of great joy and thanksgiving to God."

Besides his opposition to Sabbath labour and travelling, the liberal distributions of brandy by the Hudson Bay Company to their agents, which in one way or another reached their other employees and the poor aborigines, with its usual blighting effects, was another feature of its administration against which this devoted friend of humankind courageously set his face, and, as I was often told by his widow after her return, was another source of embarrassment under which he laboured. At this distance of time, I cannot exactly particularize the course he took; but, I am thoroughly persuaded, that his stern fidelity to truth and rectitude was the true cause of the hostility and persecution he met with during the latter part of his life.

As to his posthumous reputation, it has been abundantly vindicated by missionaries who were contemporary with him, or such as succeeded him in that land, who learned of the odour of sanctity in which his reputation was held: such as Steinhauer, Hurlburt, Brooking, Wolsey, and others, who informed me of the high esteem in which Mr. Evans was held by the Rev. Mr. Black, Presbyterian minister at the Red River, and by all the more worthy and reliable people of that region. Indeed, our latest missionaries

to the North-West all unite in testifying that his name in those parts is as ointment poured forth.

One of the greatest trials he endured while there, but one which his singular fortitude and heroism enabled him to triumph over, although the occurrence saddened his feelings during the rest of his stay, was the accidental discharge of his gun, while paddling in his canoe, by which his interpreter and chosen companion, a most amiable and pious young Indian, was instantly killed. After the irretrievable calamity, he was advised by those who knew the Indian character and habits, and the rigour with which their "blood-feuds" were usually carried out, not to fulfil his purpose of visiting the tribe and family to which the slain young man belonged, whither he was going at the time. Yet he went, sadly, but fearlessly to the place, told them all the circumstances, and gave himself into their hands to do with him as they liked. There was a great conflict in their minds between what they considered judgment and mercy; but ultimately the latter prevailed; and prevailed somewhat in the way in which it has done in the Divine redemption of the human race: he was saved from the stroke of the avenger's hatchet, by his submitting to supply the lost relation's place in being adopted into their family.

His noble character and the circumstances of his death receive confirmation and illustration from the short Conference obituary, which was published in the British Minutes for 1847:

"JAMES EVANS was a missionary of remarkable ability and zeal, and of great usefulness among the North American Indians. His success among the aborigines of Canada led to his appointment as General Superintendent of the recently-formed Missions in the Hudson Bay Territory. To his mental vigour and indomitable perseverence, the Indians are indebted for many advantages: among these is a written and printed character, suited to their language, of which Mr. Evans was the inventor. Many were the afflictions and trials he had to endure; these issued in a failure of health, which rendered his return home (to England) desirable, but the results were not favourable. He died suddenly at Keilby, in Lincolnshire, on the 2nd of November, 1846, at the house of a friend, after attending a Missionary Meeting, at which his statements had excited great interest."

Although in feeble health, he no sooner reached the shores of Old England, than he responded to the call of his brethern and spent his time in advocating the claims of that evangelizing

enterprise which he was no longer permitted to prosecute actively in person. Thus—

Without a lingering groan,
He did the welcome word receive,
His body with his charge lay down,
And ceased at once to work and live.

He was aged forty-six years.

TILL DEATH US PART.

The following beautiful lines, by Dean Stanley, were first published after his death by *The Spectator*, and were evidently written after the death of Lady Augusta Stanley.

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, through the only good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

UNCONSIOUS HUMOURISTS.

THE best humour is spontaneous; and the best kind of spontaneous humour is when the speaker is unconscious of it. In Canada, we have been brought up so near the *beginnings* of society, that we can better afford than many others to look at things as they are, rather than as they seem when seen through so many centuries of "institutions." Sometimes there is much of humour in a *word*. And probably, among the many things we are doing, in Canada, we are also making a new dialect of the English. Just as the New-Englanders have perpetuated, and, probably, intensified, the peculiar dialect of Lincolnshire and the east coast of England, whence most of the Pilgrims came, for they did not, for several generations, mingle much with the rest of the world; so, where there is a great admixture of blood and dialects, as in Canada, there will be a dropping of peculiar words, not understood by the whole. Then there will be a want felt, and a new word will be adopted to meet that want. After hanging about outside, like a doubtful stranger, bearing the name of "slang," the new word will be at last admitted to enjoy its place. This is seen more in the *names* of things, than in any other department. Such names as "shanty," a French-Canadian word; and "boss" (for overseer or master), a Dutch-Yankee word, will soon be acknowledged a part of the English language, at least as spoken on this continent. Another word is "heft." "Just feel the *heft* of it," some one will say—meaning weight.

I remember a young man being much much amused at a Scotch settler telling him, "His oxen were not well, someway; they would not eat their meat." It sounded, to the young Canadian, as if the owner had expected them to eat their own flesh! Old Thomas Moffat, near Galt, always said *sheep* instead of *cheap*. A neighbour, farther down the Grand River, often related the following astounding "fact,"—"Auld Tam Moffat was at Galt Fair, and he saw a yoke of oxen, and he thought *they were*

sheep, and he bought them! But he would not have bought them if he had not thought they were *sheep!*"

Life in the new townships was largely an existence of make-shifts. A man had not what he wanted; and he made something else, of his own contrivance, suit the purpose. My mother once repeated to a neighbour, the old Scotch proverb, "There was once a woman who always took what she had, and she never *wanted!*" "Yes," said the Canadian neighbour, "I have heard of her! She had no *kittle*, and she hung on her patent-pail instead, and burned the bottom out!"

I once met a man, who evidently was taking "such as he had," that he might not "want." He was leading a cow, with a bag of flour strapped across her back; and that it should not be displaced going down hill, the cow was graced with a crupper! At the very time I met this man, I myself was riding from Georgian Bay southward, a hundred and twenty miles, in a rude box, on a rude hand-sleigh; sitting on a bag of oats, with my saddle hanging on the side of the box, and my horse's harness only some thongs I had got from a tanner. No one seemed to think there was any oddity about the turn-out, till I got to the [now] City of Guelph; and then the boys began to shout after me a little. But neither the man with the cow, nor myself, took any blame or credit for making people laugh—if laugh they did. It was necessity; and the necessity only became ludicrous in the after-light.

I am not old enough to have seen the ploughs the blacksmiths used to make, before the days of castings, and steel mould-boards. But I have seen harrows with wooden teeth; and I have seen those astonishing carts, made with wheels sawn from the end of a big oak log. I have seen ox-sleds taken six miles through the mud in summer, with a batch of grist to the mill. I have helped to haul in wheat, in harvest, on a sled. I have seen girls' "dresses" of red and blue checked flannel, cut out with sheep-shears, sewed with darning-needle and woollen thread, and fastened on the back with a row of shining, brass buttons, that had first graced a man's coat—probably about the time of the Revolutionary war!

Our sleigh-riding experiences are a wonder, and sometimes a delight to British immigrants; though sometimes, indeed, as in the following case, the good opinion does not always hold out.

John Moray, who had settled in Downie, came to St. George, to see my brother-in-law, who was his nephew. Uncle John had never seen a Canadian winter, and had never ridden in a sleigh. There came an opportune fall of snow, and the nephew proposed to take him to Galt, a distance of nine miles, in a fine new "cutter" he had. Uncle John was delighted. The day was bright, the horse was fast; and the sleigh, the buffalo-robes, the bells—everything was a novelty. "Man, Jem, this is *graand!*" he would say; "This is a graand *bogie!*" (He had heard of buggies, but applied the word rather loosely.) "Man, we're *gentlemen* the day!" Such were his exclamations; till on going down a long slope, towards where Branchton is now, the horse took the bit in his teeth, and fairly ran away! The only way to stop him, was to run him into a snow-bank at the side of the road; which was accordingly done, but at the expense of two broken shafts. The nearest farmer, Mr. Dowd, promised to bring the cutter in his big sleigh next day; and the two "gentlemen" trudged home on foot, three miles or more, driving the horse before them. The romance of the sleigh-ride was all gone! Uncle John now "wished he had never gotten into yon *vile hotterin' thing!*—a body might just as weel have ridden in a *hurl-barra!*" [wheel-barrow.]

Self-protection often leads to strange shifts in the backwoods; as when an old Scotchman in Beverley invented an immense "craik" to frighten the wild-pigeons from his crops. They would swoop down on his new-sown grain in thousands; and the old man would leave his work and run to the house, crying out, "The *doos!* the *doos!* The *ricketty!* the *ricketty!* The *doos!* the *doos!*" The "doos" did not like the sound of his horse-fiddle; and, with a noise like thunder, would betake themselves away.

Immigrants sometimes bring all their old-world notions with them. As, for instance, the old English lady who told me of her first arrival, bound as they were to "No. 51,"—or some such number—on the "Elora Road." She thought of Tottenham Court Road, and City Road, and such places in London; and fancied a pleasant suburb near a country town. But when they had plunged through mud, and bumped over "corduroy," for twenty miles after leaving Elora, she was terribly disgusted; the more so, that when they pulled up at their destination—a long,

log-house, at the foot of a gravelly ridge—she had not been able even to find the pleasant suburban road, or see a *number* on a single door!

I must preserve the story of Peter McNaughton, told by the honest blacksmith of Belle Fountain, William Macdonald. In the township of Caledon, lies this somewhat romantic village; to find a name for which both the English and French languages have been laid under contribution. But at first the place was known as "Tub-Town." Of course, I could not go there to catch trout—which I have done more than once—without finding out *why* it was called "Tub-Town." And my enquiries elicited the following [Canadian] "Tale of a Tub." Peter McNaughton was a cooper; and, in the earlier days of the township, bought a quarter acre of ground; and as for a house, he would be his own builder! So he put up a *tub*, the staves of which were of twelve-feet flooring boards, and bound it round with elm poles for hoops, fastened together in a peculiar way by an iron clamp. It was twelve feet in diameter, and high enough to make into two storeys. He made barrels in the lower storey—and slept in the upper; having put a pyramidal roof on the top. So the embryo village thus got the name of "Tub-Town."

Peter was an orginal mechanical genius. One day he came by where some of his neighbours were working on the roads. Caledon is a rocky township, and these men had tried in vain to roll over a great boulder, which was right in the waggon-track. If they could only roll it "once over," it would be out of the way; but they were too short-handed to do it. "Hold on, boys!" said Peter, "*I'll roll that!*" So they left the great, green elm lever, eighteen or twenty feet long, just in "position," and waited to see his performance. He took up an axe, and went to work on an elm tree that stood a few feet away; and felled the tree so exactly, that it struck the big "pry," and tilted the stone over, just as they wanted it. And Mr. Macdonald said, "The stone lies there to this day, and we call it 'Peter McNaughton's stone.'"

In the same township, a bachelor friend of mine listened with some patience to an old lady, who was indirectly recommending one of her daughters, by saying, "Anne is a good worker." "Ay," said he, quietly, "that's a good quality in a *horse!*"

Most people consider it a great slander to say that "Every

politician has his price!" but it is little slander to say that every Canadian farmer "has his price." He will generally sell out, if he can only get money enough. One of the Commissioners sent out by the British Government in 1879, said in Toronto, that he did not know what better the British farmers could do, than to come out here, and buy up all the cleared farms, and let the native farmers "go back and improve the western wilds, which they seem so fond to do." But when our farmers want to sell, they seldom go about it in a merchant-like way. I have always noticed that those dealers who mark their goods plainly and conspicuously with the selling price, do more business in consequence. And when a man advertises a farm for sale, he would be wise to put the price in too. But the fact too often is, that if a new immigrant comes to enquire, the "price" will be higher than to one of his neighbours. And, under the most favourable circumstances, the two men will expect to sit on the fence, and whittle sticks for a couple of hours, before they come to an understanding. All these difficulties surmounted, however, a farmer from an old settlement generally makes a good backwoodsman. They go there to "get land for their boys;" to get rid of a mortgage; sometimes for no reason but a restlessness that has possessed them; and sometimes to obtain a position in society denied them at home. I have known instances of the latter. With the price of a good hundred acres in possession, a man will take up four hundred acres in a new township; get fifty acres cleared by contract the first year; take, by far, the lead of all his neighbours, who are all poor; and, when the township is organized, will get himself made reeve, and then magistrate, and become a man of consequence.

Take this for country humour. A man in Kleinburg described another as being "as strong as a *stump-machine!*" To those who remember the old lever stump-machines, and how the one impossible thing about them was to get chains and hooks *strong enough*, the illustration, as applied to a great fellow with sinews of iron, is perfect in its kind. A humourous friend, in the same village, described a young women—who had been quite free and chatty with him in the morning, in her mother's kitchen—as sailing past him, in all the glory of her afternoon attire, scarcely deigning to look at him, with "*a pleat in her lip!*"

The same friend furnishes me with the following. He is rather fanciful about his pipes, and has some "meerschaums" with grand amber mouth-pieces. His little boy, the first time the child had ever heard or seen the bagpipes, was greatly delighted by them, and noticed that they had similar mouth-pieces; and somehow got the identity of the two confused. And as he danced round the pipers with delight, he screamed out, "Didn't they *smoke some nice tunes* out of those bags?"

The late Hon. Ferguson Blair, on the very first canvass he made, came to St. George, when I was quite a boy. He was dressed for the occasion in a suit of factory-spun "sheep's-gray" cloth. In his public speaking, he had an annoying stammer, not at all of the palate, but entirely of the lips. An old wag spoke of him thus,—"Why, that man will never do to send to Parliament! He is always fixing his mouth up for speaking, and it wont go off!"

In one of my journeys down the country, I was told of an old lady in Belleville, who became disgusted with so much organ-blowing in her church; and determined, on that account, to connect herself with a different family of the great Methodist commuion than her own. So she wended her way, the next Sunday morning, to her new place of worship. She had mistaken the time by half an hour, and was late. They were singing. She listened in the lobby, and there again was the organ! "If I've *got* to hear organs, wherever I go," she said to herself, "I'll go back to my old church again!" and back she went. During the week, she was recounting her adventure. "Why, they have no organ there!" said her interlocutor. "Yes, they have! I heard it with my own ears!" "No," said the other, "that was only Brother Blank *singing bass!*"

Speaking of organs, recalls the memory of the Rev. John McLean, of Osprey. His one great antipathy in life was against organs, and all instrumental music in churches. If King David himself had appeared, with his harp on his back, at the door of the cedar-log chapel where Mr. McLean officiated, and offered to come in and lead the worship of song with his harp, the royal bard would have been promptly denied admittance! I once stayed over night at Mr. McLean's; and, I was hardly seated, before he was on the organ subject. His amiable and accomplished wife returned to the room, after a few minutes' absence.

"Oh," said she, "is Mr. McLean on the organ question?" in a manner that showed that she was grieved at it. It had, no doubt, become nauseating in his own family. He told me of his being at Toronto, attending the Congregational Union, and, coming into Zion Church before the afternoon session, he heard the organist, in the gallery over his head, practising something. (It was on a week-day.) His words were, "I said to my friend, 'Mr. Macgregor, is that some *old cow?*'"—and his voice was hollow, and full of horror—"'Oh, if I had but a *pitchfork*, I would let the wind out of it! Come away! come away! We're long enough here!'" And the two went off, rather than remain and be compelled to hear the abomination!

My brother, John Anderson Smith, of Burford, tells me of Squire Thompson, in the days of old, whom his neighbours considered a man of rather imperious manner. He had a son, Jack, who, from being kicked by a horse, in his boyish days, was a little bit flighty at times; and he and his father did not "hitch" very well together. One day they were drawing rails across a large "creek" which ran through their place. The old gentleman had been giving Jack a lecture about his driving; and Jack, to be revenged, pulled the bolt from the doubletree, and, jumping on the back of one of the horses, left his father sitting on the load, in the middle of the swollen stream!

Perhaps there is nothing in all the experience of a farmer, or country resident, more *exasperating* than a balky horse. I could write a whole chapter on the subject; but, as I could not give a cure for the disease, we should be none the better. And such a horse generally makes a pretence of extraordinary zeal. I had a horse once, that was so balky, that he would only trot when he pleased! Once I had him under the saddle, intending to join a funeral; and, as it had already started when I came in sight, I urged him forward in order to overtake the procession. It was all in vain! so I tied him up to a fence, and ran on and took my place among the mourners on foot. Alick Gibson, an honest blacksmith, did better; as related to me by my brother. Alick had a balky mare, and she stopped with him, one cold winter night, when yet half a mile from home. He sat in the cutter, and tried various persuasions; but it was too cold to waste very much time—and still the mare would not stir! Always equal to any emergency, the stout fellow jumped out, and slipped the

cutter from behind her and drew it home, leaving the mare standing in the road! Next morning, the mare was standing at the stable door, with (Alick thought) a very penitent look!

I have the following anecdotes from my brother, with a promise of more. If some of the actors were not humourous themselves, they were all, at least, the cause of mirth in others:

When Dumfries township was first settled, there came a scarce year; and an old Scotchman named Hogg, having an eye to "pease-bannocks," took a bag of pease to the mill at Galt, and told the miller "he wantit them grun' *fine!*" "I suppose its for the *hogs,*" said the miller. "Aye," it's just for the Hoggs! But I want it grun' fine, *fine!*"

Jerry Simple, who lived about twenty years ago, in the township of Dereham, was very fond of a stiff glass of brandy. "I tell you," he used to say, "there's nothin' like a good glass of brandy *to set a man thinkin'!*"

Old Isaac Griffeth, of Dumfries, was a sad toper, and tried all kinds of arguments to induce Charles Kitchen, the farmer who furnished him a home, to let him have liquor. One night he pleaded very hard for "just a *little!*" "Now, Charles," he said, in a whining, persuasive voice, "if you don't, I'll be dead in the morning; and then *who'll you get to cut your wheat for you?*"

Old Will Bruce, of Dumfries, used to tell a story about his brother "Geordie" rushing into the house, one summer evening long ago, with the cry "there was a *deer* at the back o' the hoose!" and, seizing the gun, "let a' blatter" at the object. But, being rather a poor shot, he fortunately missed wounding the family *calf,* which by some means had escaped from its pen! Geordie Bruce never liked to hear this story. It has so far passed the statute of limitations, however, that it will not hurt anybody now! Nor will the following, the principal actors in which I well remember.

Jerry Thomas was a little unimportant-looking mortal, in Dumfries, and he worked one winter for old "Uncle John Vanevery." Now, Vanevery had a blooming daughter named Sarah; and, in the long winter evenings, over their apples and chestnuts —the men on the poorest land in Dumfries, had always the most chestnuts—Jerry and Sarah must have struck up something like a courtship. For one day, when he was helping the old man to take a stack of hay into the barn, he mustered up courage to say,

in a hesitating, squeaky voice, "Sairey and me has a notion to git *married!*" Uncle John had an immense forkful of hay poised in the air; and, shouting in a voice like thunder, "Oh, *get out*, with your nonsense!" he let the hay drop on the little chap's head, quite covering him from sight. Poor Jerry felt completely snuffed out! He left the neighbourhood shortly afterward, and "Sairey" and he never made a match. Moral: Never ask an old farmer for his daughter, when he is pitching hay!

SHOWING OUR TROUBLES.

I SPREAD the letter humbly at His feet,
The evil things the cruel ones had said;
And then looked up, His pitying glance to meet,
To find His tender hand upon me laid,
As He read o'er the dark unuttered page,
That told to Him my foe's impassioned rage.

I laid the map that showed my desert way
Before His eye: pointed the empty well
Where I had hoped to sit me down to stay:
Told Him of blinding sands that round me fell:
And as He traced my path, I heard Him say,
"'Tis I have led thee through this desert way."

I came to Him, just as a little child,
Bringing the piercing thorn that gave me pain:
I feared that He might frown: but no, He smiled
And clasped me to His bosom yet again:
Then in His gracious love removed my grief,
Plucked out the thorn and gave me sweet relief.

I brought to Him the troubles of my heart,
(And it is there the deepest troubles lie)
Opened each secret cell, through every part
Asked Him to cast the glancings of His eye:
He saw it all: and when its cares were still'd,
With holy perfume every chamber filled.

Show to the Lord thy trouble, weary soul:
The desert path, the slanders of thy foes,
The thorns that pierce thee—on His bosom roll
Thy every grief, 'twill cheer thee that He knows.
To show to others, may but cause new pain:
Griefs shown to Him, are never shown in vain.

—*William Luff.*

PHŒBE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

A SKETCH OF DEACONESS HOMES AND WORK.

ROMANS XVI. 1, 2.

THOSE engaged in the work of which we would give a brief account generally regard the Grecian lady so honourably named by Paul as the typical deaconess. As the alternative reading has it, she was "a deaconess of the church that is at Cenchreæ," and this is almost all we know of Phœbe; there is no indication whether she was maiden, wife, or widow; as if God would have us notice, here and in other cases, how lightly He estimates mere earthly positions, no one of these being more sacred than the other.

A great breadth of time and circumstance separates the home of the deaconess Phœbe in the ancient classic land from that of the first modern deaconesses on the banks of the not less historic Rhine. Situated some distance below Dusseldorf, at a curve where the river winds broadly along, the picturesqueness in its placing adds a charm to the many tender and beneficent associations which cluster around Kaiserswerth since 1836, when its now sainted pastor, Theodore Fliedner, gave an apostolic direction to woman's work by raising up anew and in great strength the deaconess organization. We do not mean to infer that care for the infirm had been hitherto omitted, but that the impetus given to trained attendance supplied a long-felt want, and a wider field was opened for the intelligence as well as tenderness of women. Training, and good training, is indispensable, but those receiving it will be none the worse when, in the words of the eminently useful "Sister Dora," they "look upon working as a privilege. Do not," she continues, "look upon nursing in the way they do so much nowadays, as an art or science, but as work done for Christ." Originated in this motive, institutes such as the Magdalenes' Refuge, Asylum for the Insane, hospitals for various sick, an Orphanage, Home for the Aged, and the Seminary for the Deaconesses, now make Kaiserswerth a light of practical work to the world.

While all deaconesses must possess a necessary education

and certain knowledge of nursing, yet this last qualification is limited in those intended for instructors of youth, either in public or private schools. For Dr. Fliedner's benevolent thought stretched in its Christian width into consecrating all talent to God's service, and into circling life at its most important junctures, in youth and sickness, with the elevating and sustaining power of a pure faith. He saw the woe wrought by the deadening influence of Rome through its nuns, not only in mixed public hospitals and by the private bedsides of the sick, but in the deleterious hold they were gaining even among Protestants in educational matters, in so far, at least, as the female sex were concerned. Hence arose the "instructing" branch of deaconesses, and the first-class institutions for education of children in the middle and higher ranks in Hilden and Florence in Europe, Smyrna and Beyrout in the East, all of which are doing a quiet but good work. This is still more true of that done by the deaconesses in public schools, and the "Kleinkinderschulen" under their charge, which, it should be noted, are different from the mere "Kindergarten," in that, in the former, the "little children" are taught of the Saviour who seeks that they be permitted to "come" to Him. It will be perceived that the Kaiserswerth Deaconess Institute extends its operations widely. One of the most interesting of its school centres is *Talitha-cumi* on Mount Zion, in Jerusalem; here 115 orphans are cared for and educated. How well this is done is shown by the fact that several truly pious deaconesses have come from among them, and many have carried genuine religious influences in Arab families and other households Christian only in name. *Zoar*, in Beyrout, containing 134 orphans, derives interest from its being one of those works of Christian charity which arose after the Syrian massacre of 1860. It is sad that none of these are supported as they deserve, though the Pope's strenuous efforts to Romanise the East should stir up Protestants to the importance of humanising its populations by the Bible "faith once delivered to the saints."

Attached to Kaiserswerth and the other German Deaconess Homes are nearly four thousand deaconesses, who form an effective home mission influence; round these gather the devotion and piety far more natural to the German character than the rationalism of which we hear so much, but against which the many earnest Christians of Germany are foremost in struggling.

It is remarkable that the deaconess work of the present seems to flourish most in those places sacred with the memories of the primitive German Church, which, with its married clergy and subjection to Bible authority alone, owes its origin to British missionaries, whose story is well and carefully told by the German, Dr. Ebrard, in several essays and in an interesting volume of "History." In the preface to the latter he says—and this is also true to Britain—that "from the beginning the Romish Church has been in Germany an unjustified usurper in a pre-Romish and Rome-free Church." The blessing of the fathers God has remembered upon the children, for many of the spots where those old *Kelledei*, "men of God," laboured now again radiate forth light through the still and blessed work of the deaconesses.

From Kaiserswerth, on along the Rhine, with its witchery of nature and legend, we find a chain of deaconess stations. Of these, though somewhat inland, Darmstadt is worthy of mention for its usefulness and the interest taken in its Deaconess Institute by the Duchess of Edinburgh as a girl; we believe it was here that her good and amiable mother, the late Empress of Russia, studied this home mission work, of which she was the loving patroness in that northern clime, and in such charities she found solace for the troubles of royalty. She was aunt by marriage to our beloved Princess Alice, and both had in Darmstadt a home at different periods of their lives. Then there is Speyer, in Rhenish Bavaria, where the deaconesses have a wearisome striving with Popery and Rationalism, both of which, not alone here but everywhere, are one in opposition to evangelical truth. Stuttgart, in Wurtemberg, where beauty of locality is found along with much piety in its people, and Breslau, in Silesia, limit their action almost wholly to the nursing department. The Deaconess House in the Silesian capital is under the protection of the Empress of Germany, as, we believe, that in Berlin; the interest which she and her like-minded sister, now dead, the Princess Charlotte, who was grandmother of the Duchess of Connaught, manifested in religious and benevolent schemes was, and is, of the most practical kind, springing from their own true and simple piety. Farther on, Dantzic exerts itself well in educational work, but generally the mother-houses aim at schools and hospitals equally as their right ideal. Many ladies of title are deaconesses in Prussia, and such "labour of love" adds lustre to any birth.

Dantzic extends its operations even into Russia, which, however, possesses Deaconess Homes of its own in St. Petersburg, Mitau, Riga, and Revel, chiefly for those of German origin and Protestants generally.

Going northward, we find the deaconesses well established in Copenhagen, and the Danish sisters look carefully to the nursing and instructing departments equally, but they receive every encouragement from the excellent Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales. In Norway there is a good Deaconess Institute in the capital, Christiana, with large and successful stations in the interesting old cities of Trondhjem and Bergen. One the oldest and most active of the Deaconess mother-houses is that in Stockholm, where, on a height above the picturesque harbour, are fully-equipped institutions for care of the aged and instruction of the orphan, besides reformatory and hospital. The Scandinavian deaconesses have all a special claim upon our sympathy and help, because, by means of her nuns, Rome is pressing hard to circumvent them, and thus at the sick-bed and the school to gain a hold for evil on our Protestant brethren in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. In Finland, Switzerland, Austria, France, and America we find Deaconess Homes; there are two in London, where that true man of God, Rev. W. Pennefather, originated that of Mildmay, and Dr. Laseron that in Tottenham; these are both most useful and evangelical. We name the Deaconess House of Holland last, but this is to dwell on the interesting fact that they are the connecting link between the primitive and modern deaconesses. So early as the time of the Reformation there were not alone deaconesses among the fugitives in Wesel, but in the Netherlands also. As a record from the city of Wagenaar shows, already in 1566, when the deacons were set apart, there were also a few old virtuous women chosen as deaconesses. At first the deaconesses engaged in the care of the poor, but even before 1657 and the founding of the orphanage and home for aged women in 1683, they were occupied with the management and providing for orphans. These circumstances and his study of Mrs. Fry's work in England suggested, it is thought, the revival of deaconess agency to Dr. Fliedner. We have pointed out the principles which actuated him, and which are ever those of the true deaconess who has nothing in common with Romanism, either under its own form or its imitations. A

simple dress is needful, but this and any mere peculiarities are warned against when they "went beyond the practical need. We can and will learn *nothing* from the Catholic female orders, but will hold all the more firmly by the evangelical principle that no state is more agreeable or approved of God than any other." Thus clearly speaks the last triennial "General Conference of Deaconess Houses," held in Kaiserswerth in September, 1881. One noticeable feature in the deaconesses is their attention to Sunday-school work everywhere. Their mother-houses have generally large Sunday schools attached, and the sisters are ever active, either alone or in union with others, in Sunday religious instruction. The vast importance of deaconess effort, not only in spreading but in defending Protestant and Bible truth, can be alone rightly estimated by those who have seen it in action throughout Europe and in the East. Would it not be wise in us to look to the lesson offered, and to scientific and Christian training for our nurses and teachers? In any branch of work let us strive to do what we do well, "as to the Lord and not to men," remembering, as Frances Ridley Havergal truly sings :—

"For only work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.
All else is vanity beneath the sun,
There may be joy in *doing*, but it palls when *done*.'

"LOVE thy God, and love Him only,
And thy breast shall ne'er be lonely;
In that one great Spirit meet
All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of our kind;
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined
For the deepest still is single—
An impalpable resistance
Holds like nature at a distance.
Mortal! love that Holy One,
Or forever dwell alone."

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

It is a fact eminently honourable to Methodism that although its first work was chiefly among the poor and illiterate, and its first efforts mainly directed to the development of the spiritual life in the human heart, yet from its beginning it did what it could to promote the education of the intellect. Despite the millstone of poverty and the prejudices natural to a Church largely raised from among the humbler classes, her leaders and legislators strove vigorously from the first to establish institutions for liberally educating her sons and daughters. Circumstances fairly considered, her educational record calls for no blushes upon the cheeks of her friends. On the contrary it justifies an honest pride that, with feeble resources, she accomplished so much.

But to-day the seed sown by the fathers, though never wholly unfruitful, begins to bear luxuriant fruit. Their spirit, working in their sons, is endowing our colleges and academies with princely liberality. Enlarged endowments signify increased facilities, wider popularity, higher standing, and a larger number of students. Resulting from these one sees in the near future a more generally-educated ministry and a notable increase of cultivated families in our membership, characterized by a type of piety combining deep spirituality with broad intellectual culture, calm earnestness with noble self-devotion to Christian work, and refined taste with genuine humility.

That these ideals are attainable without Universities under Church control no one conversant with educational methods, past or present, will affirm. A literary institution supported by the State, or by a corporation responsible to no authority but only to public opinion, can scarcely be expected to impart a thoroughly Christian education. Such an education aims at the highest improvement of the intellectual and moral powers. It teaches how to think, how to judge, and how to act, making the *strictest rules of Christianity* the supreme standard and the reigning spirit of its instruction. Hence it does not ignore the spiritual side of the student's nature, but recognizes it as of the first importance, and regards its development in connection with that of the intellect as essential to complete and symmetrical scholarship. In universities under Church control the faculties are made up not of

scholars merely, but of Christian scholars, whose spirit and principles are in harmony with these theories, and whose highest ambition is not to graduate men of only high intellectual stature, but men in whom a superior grade of intellectuality is joined to a quickened spirituality. And these learned, spiritually-minded professors are guarantees that in Church Universities the training will be such as is best adapted to teach students to employ their powers for the good of the State, of society, and of the Church in the wisest manner possible.

Where is the secular university of which these things can be truthfully affirmed? As a rule, such institutions direct their best efforts to the work of intellectual development. They do not neglect the moral nature of their students. Ethical science has a place among their studies; but is it not taught more as a science than as modes of action growing as fruit upon spiritual affections, whose root is a divinely-begotten faith in the living Christ? In a general sense they are Christian colleges, but do they adopt the *strictest* rules of Christianity as their standard? Is their administration usually in the hands of evangelical, spiritually-minded men? They succeed in making many superior scholars and valuable citizens, but do they send them out into the world with hearts beating with warm desire to contribute, not to the social and political well-being of the country only, but also to the growth of the Kingdom of the Christ. Doubtless such secular institutions have a value of their own. It is not necessary to condemn them. But the Christian, and especially the Methodist, father should seriously consider whether he can justify himself at the Master's bar if, instead of sending his son to a college in which the lad's spiritual interests will be esteemed as his highest and best, he place him in one which will develop his intellect at the expense of the spiritual side of his nature. And our Church needs, for her own sake, as well as in view of her duty to her sons and daughters, to take an ever-deepening interest in the welfare of her academic and collegiate institutions which are so necessary, not to the increase merely, but, may we not thoughtfully add, to the maintenance of her influence in this great and growing country. To give full effect to her spirituality, she must, in this age of increasing intelligence and refinement, reinforce it by adding largely to her intellectual culture and strength.

Thirty-seven years ago the great and good Dr. Olin affirmed that if every Methodist father would consecrate one educated son to the service of God and his country, in ten years the moral and intellectual power of the Church would be quadrupled; that she would fill her proper place in the great business of public instruction; that her voice would be heard in high places where the rights and wrongs of men are matters of debate; that she would have her equitable share of the strong positions of human society, and that she would have a noble army of ministers and missionaries. Were not these sanguine words prophetic? True, not every Methodist father then living did give a liberal education to one son; would that he had! Yet many did. Whether ten years after the great Doctor's prophecy an intellectual and moral power had quadrupled, it is impossible to determine. But let those Methodists who were alive when he spoke compare the social position and power of their Church throughout the country to-day with what it was then, and they will be astonished at the contrast. Then the number of our members in high places was relatively very small, and our foreign missionaries few. To-day our laymen may be found in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the seats of justice, in responsible political offices, in university chairs, and on editorial tripods; we have also an immense and noble army of ministers at home, and an effective band of missionaries in almost every part of the round world. Behold! what hath God wrought! And by whom has He wrought all this? Inquire carefully, and it will be found that a very large proportion of this host of influential laymen and ministers was drawn from the sons whose fathers consecrated them to the good of society, by faith in Christ and by a more or less liberal education.

If to-day the tens of thousands of Methodist fathers would, as Dr. Olin suggested, consecrate one converted son to the good of society, by giving him an education in one of our Church universities, what vast accessions would be made to our Church power during the next decade! What blessed results to the country, to religion, to humanity, would follow! What elevation would be given "to the tone of thought and feeling and hope throughout all the families of our Israel!"—*New York Christian Advocate.*

FATE, LAW, AND CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. A. H. VINE.

"Proserpina plumbea pede."
"Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."—HORACE.

"There is no such thing as spontaneousness in nature."—TYNDALL.

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."—Psalm 85. 10.

I.

THEY said of old that Fate was sure,
And by no craft of man was balked;
For though with leaden foot she walked,
She reached at last the sinner's door.

With leaden foot, but iron will,
Where'er the guilty man might dwell,
And fondly hope that all was well,
With faultless scent, she followed still.

He wandered haply o'er the sea,
And bought and sold with large increase,
And clad him in the robes of peace:
—The trail is all confused, thought he,

And gaily carolled—dreamt no wrong:
The uneasy self within his breast
He stroked, and soothed and sang to rest:
"Dear soul, now saunter life along!

"Joy-harvests shall be now thy due!
Nor blasting storms on this new path,
Like winter on the aftermath,
For thy forgotten sin ensue!"

And so, it might be, long years ran
A harmless course, and joined the past:
Then her fierce cry rang out at last,
"Lo, this the hour, and this the man!"

* We have pleasure in reprinting this fine poem from the English *Wesleyan Magazine*.—ED.

Thus said they in the olden time—
And still they sang how Zeus the great,
Above the Fury and the Fate,
Sat ever on his throne sublime ;

Who aye reserved some royal space
(Though lesser gods would oft perplex
With jealousies and counter checks)
Wherein to show a suppliant grace ;

—Pure freedom's uncontrolled domain,
Where Fate-tossed souls might shelter find,
And prayer from a submissive mind,
With offerings meet, might answer gain.

II.

A modern page I read of late
—How Law the universe controls ;
The soulless taskmaster of souls;
More terrible than ancient Fate,

Extremer, swifter, stronger far,
To whose mechanic government
All powers and forces yield assent,
And ministering agents are.

Yea, Law, I read, is Zeus to-day :
There is no other god than *It :*
The cold *Impersonal* doth sit
And watch the erring world alway.

A thousand tribes their woes rehearse,
Cry to high heaven's remorseless bars,
Cry to the unavailing stars,
Cry through the Arctic universe :

" Is there no Heart that bids us *Come ?*
No greater Soul to answer soul ? "
From sphere to sphere, from pole to pole,
The new Divinity is dumb ;

Nor smiles, nor grieves for men below ;
Knits actions and the consequence ;
And knows no pulse of difference
As the great æons come and go.

An image in a changeless calm,
It turns not from its awful loom;
But weaves the life of man with doom,
And heeds not breath of prayer or psalm.

—Not more unmoved the silent sphinx
When chants of passing pilgrims rise;
Or when the drowning sailor's cries
Are borne across the sandy links.

The wise men chant their pæans—"Hail!
Thou hear'st us not, eternal Mute!
Yet will we sing the Absolute,
Unknowable, Ironical!

Strange Lord art thou of Helicon!
Strange source of love, at love that mocks
The Everlasting Paradox!
The Infinite Automaton!"

If this be god essentially,
Alas that I was ever born!
Or "suckled in a creed outworn"
Had not long ages ceased to be!

III.

On lonely hills I wandered forth,
And saw a low and burdened sky:
In gloomy file swept slowly by
Titanic clouds from out the north,

And settled round the dark concave:
Between, the thunder-rack clashed fast:
And, lo! a whirlwind hurtled past,
That through the shrinking landscape drave;

And, yoked with fire and black eclipse,
With dreadful noise besieged the town,
And cast the towers and steeples down,
And roaring seaward smote the ships.

"O God," I cried, "how strong Thy hand!
I see Thy glory, mighty Lord!
The stroke of Thine avenging word
Nor skies, nor earth, nor seas withstand."

Yet while within my hiding-place
I looked on all with troubled glance,
The heaven's most awful countenance
Pierced through with light from the far space

—Where flows its fountain undefiled—
Now swiftly melting, cloud by cloud,
(While breezes echoed not too loud)
Relented everywhere and smiled,

And all the earth was asphodels,
And all the air was fluent gold.
I said unto my heart :—" Behold,
Here is a glory that excels."

And now I read of life and death,
Of sin, and God's Sword-Bearer, Law,
Until as in a glass I saw
A face, like His of Nazareth,

All sad as turned toward Death's goal,
And pale against the stormy skies.
Then round the head began to rise
An arc, like painter's aureole,

Yet clear ; and through that lucent dome,
I saw some hovering cherubim ;
A naked cross on the world's rim ;
And women by an open tomb.

The storm was past, the guerdon won !
And, for the joy before Him set,
That face more marred than any yet,
Was changed, and shone as doth the sun.

I closed the book, and said again :
" Thou art the Man that loved me !
Forgiveness surely is with Thee ;
And Thou canst break sin's fateful chain."

A still, small voice came from above,
The while I couched even to the dust :
" *God doth forgive, and yet is just ;*
And Law is Servant unto Love."

THE ORATORIO.

BY F. H. TORRINGTON, ESQ.

THE origin and growth of oratorio is almost co-eval with that of opera, both being developments of the early forms of drama; or, to speak more clearly, oratorio may be said to be the successor of the mediæval mystery play, as the opera was of the morality. In both cases the poetical description of the subjects chosen is accompanied with music, but with this difference, that whereas the opera requires also scenery and dramatic action in its representation, oratorio is now performed without either.

The soldiers and pilgrims of the first Crusade, in their attempts to delineate dramatically the Passion of our Lord, and other incidents of sacred history, together with the legends of the deeds and endurance of saints and martyrs, imitated the practice observed in the performance of secular plays, by the introduction of music at these representations. It is probable that more than one of the hymns written by St. Bernard of Morlaix, and others living about that time, were contributed for this purpose, and that the audience joined in the singing. As many of the first oratorios were mystical expositions of doctrine, such as that described in many of the early hymns, some colour is given to the supposition that musical exposition and teaching in the form known as oratorio may be as old as the time of the Crusades. It was not until five centuries later that it was made a recognised and distinct medium of instruction and pleasure. St. Phillip Neri, in the endeavour to establish firmly the institution he had founded in Rome, and also moved by a desire to win the people to the observance of religious duties, relied upon the universal love for music to gain his object. With this intention he engaged Giovanni Animuccia, a Florentine, as his Maestro di Capella, who, during his connection with the oratory, produced several musical pieces, consisting of motetts, psalms, and songs of praise, set to Latin and Italian words, known by the general title of *Laudi Spirituali*. Animuccia published his first collection at Rome in 1563. The character of these compositions is similar to that known as the madrigal style, and these *laudi* have been taken as the origin of

that class of composition. Animuccia was afterwards appointed choir-master to the Vatican, a post he held until his death, in 1571, when he was succeeded by Palestrina.

The experiment succeeded so well, that not only was a new form of composition originated, but, what was probably more to the purpose of the founder, the congregation of the Fathers of the Oratory was placed upon so firm a basis that it exists to the present day. These musical performances were divided into two parts, a short form of prayer preceding the first, a sermon the second, the whole being concluded with religious exercises. By this plan those who came for the main purpose of the music were constrained to take part in the devotional observances and doubtless obtained much spiritual advantage. If, in the performance of the oratorio at the annual festivals in some of our English cathedrals, the same, or a similar arrangement were adopted, much of the scandal now accruing might be unquestionably avoided, if not totally suppressed.

By degrees, the psalms and spiritual songs gave place to sacred stories or events in Scripture written in verse, sometimes in dialogue, and set to music. The subjects most popular in early times were, The Good Samaritan, The Prodigal Son, Tobit with the Angel, The Sacrifice of Abraham, and others, and the name of the place where these were first heard was given to the class of music performed. The first work in any way corresponding to the more modern form of oratorio, with solos, recitatives, choruses, and orchestral accompaniments was called *La Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo*, composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed in the Oratory of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella, at Rome, in 1600. Ten years previously Cavaliere had produced two pastoral dramas at Florence, and he has, therefore, claim to the honour of being considered as one of the first writers, if not the inventor of opera! Cavaliere's oratorio was represented in action on a stage erected in the church, with scenery and costumes. The recitatives in both his operas, or oratorios, were furnished by Jacob Peri, and it was supposed that in the introduction of recitative the ancient use of the Greeks and Romans was recovered. In the preface to Cavaliere's oratorio each singer is required "to have a fine voice, perfectly in tune, and free from all defects in the delivery of it, with a pathetic expression, the power of swelling and diminishing the

tones," and is enjoined to be "particularly attentive to the articulation and expression of the words, and to have an equal respect for the composer and for the poet."

The instruments, consisting of a double lyre, double guitar, a harpsichord, and two flutes accompanied this oratorio behind the scenes. The choruses served as the music for the dancers, and madrigals commenced and concluded the performance. The violin was only sparingly used in the early oratorios, one of the first writers who wrote freely for that instrument being Domenico Mazzochi, and for this reason his name deserves mention among the early composers; beyond this fact there is nothing remarkable in any of the works produced until the time of Stradella, 1670, for the only noticeable points in most of these compositions are the curious mixtures of piety and profanity. Stradella's best oratorio was on the subject of St. John the Baptist, and, judging from the specimens printed in Martine's *Exemplare di Contrapunto fugato* is remarkable for beauty and sublimity; the scoring also shows some progress in musical thought, but the work is little known, as it still remains in manuscript.

The next writer of importance was Carissimi; his compositions are marked by sweetness of melody, clever modulations, and skilful harmony; his most noted oratorios are the Judgment of Soloman, and Jephtha. One of the choruses in the latter work, *Plorate filiæ Israel,* was appropriated by Handel, and introduced into the oratorio of Samson, to the words "Hear Jacob's God." The chorus, *Exulutantes filii Ammon* also forms the conclusion of "With thunder armed" in Samson. "*Et clangebant tubæ,*" is imitated in the symphony of, "We come in bright array," in Judas Maccabæus; and the recitative in Alexander's Feast, "He chose a mournful muse," is note for note identical with "*Heu mihi, filia mea,*" from Carissimi's Jephtha. Many other instances might be cited of Handel's obligations to this musician, the most striking and important being that all his recitatives were formed upon the improved model furnished by Carissimi, who, in addition to other advancements in music, gave great importance to the use of stringed instruments in his accompaniments, made the basses of his compositions move more freely than former masters permitted, and first recommended the introduction of the cantata upon the stage. He died in 1675 at a great age. Dean Aldrich, who was an enthusiastic admirer of

his works, made a large collection of them which he placed in the library of Christ Church, Oxford, where it still remains.

After Carissimi, Scarlatti deserves the next place of honour, not only as a prolific, but as a thoughtful composer. His works are rarely heard now, except when some of the choruses, with Handel's name attached, are performed. The device of accompanying recitatives with a string quartette was first tried by Scarlatti, and this plan was followed by Leonardo Leo, whose contrapuntal writing, similar in character to Handel's in sublimity and massiveness, forms the chief beauty of his oratorios and sacred pieces. As a master of counterpoint Caldara is worthy of mention, while as melodists Hasse and Pergolesi are best known; the beauty and grace of melody in these two composers is also to be found in a certain degree in the writings of Jomelli, who was the last of the oratorio writers of the Italian school.

Like the opera, oratorio arose and was nourished in Italy, to be developed to its highest form by German writers, and although it was permitted to be used in the offices of the Roman Church, and was to some extent abused by Italian writers, yet the value of an oratorio was recognized by the German Reformers of the sixteenth century, who encouraged its introduction into their churches with a result that ultimately led to its most complete forms. It was formerly the custom in the German Lutheran Church to have oratorios performed with instrumental accompaniments on solemn occasions; the congregation was encouraged to join at intervals in the chorales or psalm tunes which were introduced for this purpose.

The Passion, according to St. Matthew, by John Sebastian Bach, is an excellent example of this kind of work—Passion music. Bach, one of the most original, versatile, and prolific writers that the world has yet seen, was born at Eisenach in 1685, and died at Leipsic in 1750. The study of his, music has influenced the thoughts and writings of most composors of importance since his time; his organ compositions have created a new school of players; and the comparatively recent knowledge of his oratorios and vocal music has shown the extraordinary power and value of his genius, which, unknown or not understood in his own time, is now thoroughly appreciated. It is quite reasonable to assume that, had his vocal works been earlier

known, a greater advance in oratorio music would have been made than has been made. The Passion music above alluded to, is written for two choirs and two orchestras. The choruses and chorales are exquisitely harmonised, the airs are remarkable for tender pathos and truth of expression; and the recitatives are notable for the admirable force with which the meaning and intention of the text is conveyed. Bach's oratorios were written for the service of the Church and were never intended for any other purpose, the introduction of the oratorio into secular places being a later idea. The subjects are partly in narrative and partly deductions from the incidents after the manner of the old Greek chorus. This is the true form of oratorio as adapted to worship; but as the oratorio was disused as an aid to devotion, and employed in the concert room, the narrative form was the one most favoured for the purpose, and it is in this form that the majority of Handel's oratorios are written.

Handel, who is allowed to be the representative composer of oratorio, produced his first work, *La Resurrezione*, while he resided in Italy, before he was twenty years of age. Fifteen years later, while he was organist to the Duke of Chandos, "Esther," the first oratorio written by him in England, was brought forward privately; it was, however, not until 1732 that it was produced in public, having been laid aside for twelve years. In the advertisement announcing this performance it was considered necessary to give the following explanation of the plan, as oratorios were then a novelty in England: "By His Majesty's command, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on Tuesday, the 2nd May, will be performed the sacred story of "Esther," an oratorio in English, composed by Mr. Handel, to be performed by a great number of voices and instruments. N.B.—There will be no acting on the stage, but the house will be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience." This explanation was probably made in deference to the objection popularly entertained at the time against any performance savouring of Popery and profanity, and was needful because of the prevalent prejudice against the dramatic performance of sacred subjects. After the production of "Esther" Handel was engaged in the production of operas and other secular works, and in the establishment of his short-lived academy of music. This entailed a loss of health and

of much money. After the advanced age of fifty-three, and in defiance of prejudice and failure, he gave to the world those immortal productions with which his name is now familiarly associated. The majority of these works were performed at the "Theatre in the Haymarket," "Deborah" being first given in 1733, "Athaliah" in 1734, "Israel in Egypt" in 1738, "The Messiah" in 1741, "Samson" in 1742, "Judas Maccabæus" in 1746, "Joshua" in 1747, "Solomon" in 1749, and "Jephtha" in 1751. The greatest works in this list are "Israel in Egypt," and "The Messiah." In all these, with the exception of the last-named, Handel availed himself freely of the license of appropriating other men's works and incorporating them in his own. It has been said that he has always improved and invigorated all pieces so borrowed, but it is hard to believe that the mere adaptation of words different to those orginally set can be considered an improvement. Notwithstanding this pillage there is enough originality in Handel to constitute him a great composer, especially when it is considered that the work by which he is most popularly and extensively known, "The Messiah," is for the most part his own.

It is in good choral writing that Handel's great strength exists, for he only sparingly employed instrumental effects, for the orchestra was only imperfectly developed in his time, and he generally employed his instruments more for the sake of supporting the voices than for any peculiar effects of colouring to be obtained from their use. There are some exceptions to this plan, but they are few; the scantiness of Handel's effects, and the more extensive means employed for the performance of his works, gave rise to the additional parts which have been made for instruments either only partly known in his time or of subsequent invention. The first of these additional accompaniments was furnished by Mozart to "The Messiah;" Mendelssohn, Macfarren, Perry, Costa, and Sullivan have supplied parts to the other of the more frequently performed works with more or less success.

The example set by Handel was followed by such writers as Stanley, Dr. Arne, Dr. Morgan, Dr. Arnold, but little encouragement was offered to their efforts, so that no new oratorio of importance was heard in London until Haydn's "Creation" was performed. Haydn was the author of but few oratorios, "The Return of Tobias," "The Seasons," "The Seven Last Words," and

"The Creation," being all his compositions that can be in any way classed under this head. "The Seven Last Words," is more in accordance with the character of the Lutheran oratorios, being intended to follow as many short sermons on the last words of our Lord. "The Seasons" is somewhat secular in character; and the same sweetness of melody prevalent in this is found in Haydn's best-known work, "The Creation," produced in 1798. The special qualities of this oratorio, besides those already alluded to, are found in the brightness of the choruses and the interest of the instrumentation. In general design "The Creation" is inadequate to the subject treated of, and while the ear is pleased by the sparkling and varied treatment, the heart is never moved by emotions which the grandeur of the theme should have inspired.

Beethoven's "The Mount of Olives" is a drama rather than an oratorio, full of sublime and noble thoughts, but ineffectual without the aid of scenery and accessories.

Spohr's oratorios, "The Crucifixion," "The Last Judgment," and "The Fall of Babylon," contain many grand and surprising thoughts, much beauty of melody and clever harmonies; the restless modulations employed by him cease to excite wonder after a time, and so, to a certain extent, their end is defeated. In the peculiarity of enharmonic changes on a dominant harmony, Spohr so far exhausted the possible combinations, that composers in imitating his style simply reproduce his thoughts. The most successful composer in this manner of modern date was Mendelssohn, and his "Elijah" and "St. Paul" served to revive the drooping taste for oratorio.

"Elijah" was produced in Birmingham, in 1846, and "St. Paul" ten years previously at Dusseldorf, and both works have since held high rank as well in the estimation as in the affections of musicians. Of the two, "St. Paul" more completely fulfils the conditions of oratorio proper, in the happy arrangement of its narrative and didactic portions. The production of this form is due to the assiduous study of the works of its great perfecter, John Sebastian Bach, and for this reason, and for its intrinsic merit, "St. Paul" is held to be Mendelssohn's best oratorio.

Oratorio has ever been more patronised in England than on the Continent, but until the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in 1832, the opportunity for hearing it was of rare

occurrence, being confined almost to the annual meetings of the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester in the provinces, and to the Lenten performances in London. The example set by this Society has been imitated with success, not only in London, but in the country, and oratorio performances are now frequent, and upon a scale of grandeur, magnificence, precision, and perfection hitherto unattained and completely unknown elsewhere.

Now that the performance of oratorio has become an established fact in Toronto, through the efforts of the Philharmonic Society, it may be interesting to our readers to know how oratorios originated, and with this view the above article is supplied.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

I know not—the way is misty—
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring.
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong;
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my Guide will soon give me a token,
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;
Whatever the darkness about me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the country of ever-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fever to slake;
What matters beside? I go heavenward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"The Hand."

"Thy hand presseth me sore."—Psa. xxxvii. 2.
"In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me."—Isa. xlix. 2.

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

The One Name.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life; filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live; soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God: Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—*Dr. Bethune.*

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

"Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

"For the heart grows rich in giving: all its wealth is living grain,
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain."

"Consciously Saved."

Are you? Have you to-day felt the sweet influences of God's Spirit melting, warming, sanctifying your whole nature? Or is it a whole day, or week, or month, since your heart was "strangely warmed?" If you profess to be saved, and it is as long or longer than the last-named period since you had the clear and distinct witness of the Spirit to that fact, is it not very uncertain where you are?

Is there anything in this world to be compared to the blessedness of being sweetly, and delightfully, and unmistakably saved —washed, forgiven, cleansed? So as to say with good old Job, under great affliction, or without affliction, with flowing tears and a heart flowing with gratitude, "I know that my Redeemer lives"—that is, I know that He is *my* Redeemer, that He *now* saves me—me who have so often stumbled, faltered, and, alas, sinned. How fully do we at such times endorse and make the words of the Psalmist our own: "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness. A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand; Thy love is better than wine?"

I am grieved at the thought that many who are following Christ, or doing so professedly, know nothing of the joys of salvation. Then I greatly fear many others but taste occasionally of this "wine of the kingdom." The first class may pass very well as members of the church, but are they not deceiving themselves, and bringing a reproach on the cause of God? And are not the second, weak, uncertain, and fluctuating, thus doing almost nothing for Him, who in compassion now and then touches them with His ravishing love?

I lately heard from the pulpit that it was wrong to serve God with any reference to reward; but my Bible is full of promises of reward, from Genesis to Revelation. Particularly is this best of all conceivable blessings, the presence, protection, comfort, and delight of God's conscious presence, promised to all indiscriminately who follow Jesus in spirit and in truth.

It would be out of place in a Methodist journal to prove that all our members may and ought to enjoy steadily the witness of the Holy Spirit to their acceptance with God; our theology, biography, and literature are full of this teaching. But what proportion of our Church claim, and attain, and retain, this most inestimable and precious grace? Not that the rain, so to speak, will come down constantly, but "the dew," at least, of God's grace ought to be felt daily, or nightly, and the showers should be frequent; and the rain or storms, if the figure will be allowed, ought to be not less often than they are in nature.

How this presence stirs us to activity, gives us courage, makes us liberal and sympathetic, bold and aggressive, "lively stones" in the "spiritual house of God!" This is the roll that Bunyan had, and lost, and found again, and prized so highly.—*S. M. Palmer, in Zion's Herald.*

"More of Christ."

Those who call themselves Christians need more of Christ. How few, comparatively, who believe upon Him, grow up to a symmetrical manhood in His service! How few feel that they are called to be saints—their vision filled with His exceeding beauty; self and sin crucified—like a hymn melodious with joy, even amid dark and rugged ways!

More of Christ is needed by preacher and people, by the lofty and the lowly, the wise and the unwise. The multitudes who grope in spiritual ignorance, who stagger under their burden, who shudder with their fears and woes, who are gliding toward terrible vortices in the giddy whirl of business and pleasure, need more of Christ.

More of Christ would make that sad house bright, that wavering soul steadfast, that mourning heart glad, that burdened conscience light, would impel to merciful labours that selfish nature, and make those who stand apart in enmity clasp forgiving hands.

More of Christ would smite down sectarian walls, strip the covering from the ecclesiastical shams, hush the whine of cant, blow soft winds of refreshment to weary wanderers, win outcasts to the fold, wipe stigmas of exclusiveness and mammon from the Church, lead the joyous flock by still waters, and make the desert blossom as the rose.

More of Christ is what we all want in our hearts, our homes,

our churches, our business, our politics, our schools, our literature, our art, our government; more of His sweet, holy, courageous, sacrificing spirit, more of His patience, His love, His tender appreciation of man. Yea, we want Him as our own precious Redeemer, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—*H. N. Powers.*

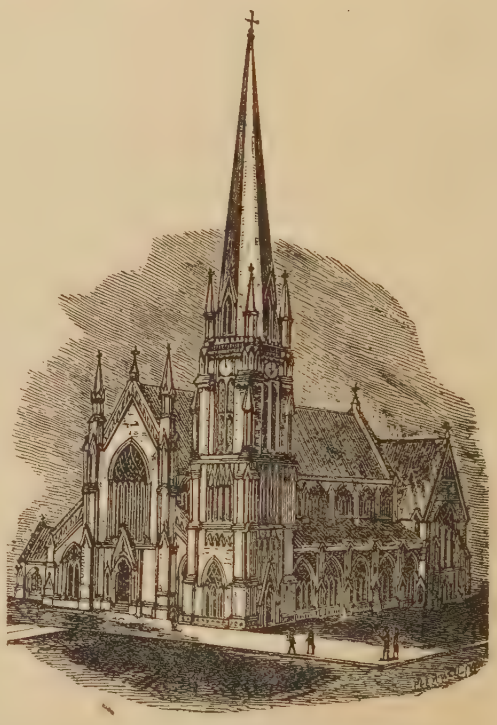
Above the Clouds.

A servant girl went home sick with consumption to die; and as she sat up in her chair, the doctor and the clergyman came to see her. And, sitting up in her chair, she whispered about heaven and home so beautifully, that the clergyman took it down and published it, and the words of that dying girl have been known to be the instrument of the conversion of more than four thousand persons. She never thought of it. She was gasping in that sick-room for breath; she was full of love for Jesus, which she just whispered in the sick-room; but that whisper has reached from heart to heart, and the angels seem to have been carrying it around the world. Brethren, it is sometimes the lowest point that we can get when we do the most good. We are not to say because the clouds are heavy we are without hope, There is a silver lining on the other side of the cloud. There is a possibility of getting above the cloud. When our armies were fighting on Lookout Mountain, they got up through the cloud on the mountain-top. They got up on the mountain-top where eternal sunshine flashes on the head. If we get up beyond the clouds we will hear the thunder and see the lightning; but they are beneath our feet. And let suffering and sorrow, and disaster, and anguish, and death come; we are away up yonder. We are not affected by them. We know that our Redeemer liveth, and He shall stand at the latter day in the earth, and we shall see Him as He is.—*Bishop Simpson, in Independent.*

—A Christian is a Christ-man; just change the *i* to an *m*. Paul's idea of man was threefold: *out* of Christ, or in a state of nature; *in* Christ, a state of grace; and *with* Christ, a state of glory.—*Charles S. Robinson.*

—We cast not water on the branches of a tree, but on the root. So strengthen faith. We strengthen love, and hope, and all, if we strengthen faith and assurance of God's love in Christ. —*Sibbs.*

NEW CENTENARY CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N.B.



OUR friends at St. John are to be congratulated upon the successful completion of one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in Canada. Through illness, the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President of the General Conference, was unable to be present at the dedication, and his absence necessarily caused a change in the original programme. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. John Lathern, of Windsor, N.S., and that in the evening by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Currie. Both Mr. Lathern and Mr. Currie are effective platform speakers, and their able discourses were listened to by probably the largest audiences ever gathered to worship in this city. Fully two thousand people were present at the morning and evening service. It was a grand and imposing sight to see this large and elegant building filled to its utmost capacity. The dedicatory part of the service was in the morning after the sermon, and was performed by the pastor. The church was presented for dedication on behalf of the trustees by Captain Prichard. The Centenary Church is in every sense a monumental and historic one. It was first dedicated in August, 1839, to commemorate the completion of the centennial of the founding of British Methodism. The dedicatory sermon on that occasion was preached by the Rev. M. Richey, D.D. By a singular coincidence the present edifice is dedicated in 1882, the centennial year of Methodism in these Maritime Provinces. In 1782, the venerated William Black was the first Methodist minister to preach in these Provinces. A century has wonderfully developed the Methodist churches in Canada. To-day they have about 1,500 ministers and 720,000 adherents. We rejoice with our Methodist friends in their efforts to rebuild the old Centenary. This church is a credit to a great religious denomination and an ornament to the city.

The first movement to build the

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the publisher of the St. John *Weekly Sun*, for the use of a cut of this beautiful church, which, when its noble spire is added, will be one of the finest church edifices in Canada. The following report is condensed from the full newspaper accounts.

new church was made early in July, 1878. Plans and specifications were drawn up and estimates furnished for the building, by Mr. John Welsh, of New York, and the erection of the school-room was at once proceeded with. The school-room was opened in November, 1878, the original building committee continuing in office till its completion.

In August, 1880, it was decided to secure subscriptions sufficient to warrant the completion of the whole work, with the exception of the spire. Previous to this period the Rev. Joseph Hart was pastor of the church, in the future of which he took a deep interest; but he was fated not to see its completion, being carried off by death early in 1880. A stained window, the contribution of the young ladies of the church, will perpetuate his memory.

The new church, which is of a high order of Gothic architecture, will, when the spire is erected, be visible from a great distance. A handsome Gothic doorway, flanked by stone columns, with enriched capitals, approached by a flight of stone steps, is the main entrance to the edifice. The principal window, which is over the doorway, is 20 feet wide and 40 feet high, and divided into seven lights of beautiful design. Heavy stone buttresses support the corners of the building, which are surmounted with massive pinnacles.

The tower, about 25 feet square at its base, will decrease in size by upward gradations, till it reaches the height of 110 feet, from which point the spire will spring when the structure is completed. The spire, which will be entirely of stone, will be built up to an altitude of 245 feet, involving an additional expenditure of $22,000. A large and beautiful Gothic doorway on the east side leads into the tower, which forms a handsome and spacious porch, through which access is obtained to the main building. The clerestory is supported by massive iron columns, each 24 feet long, and weighing 5,000 lbs. The capitals and bases are of moulded wood.

Immediately within the south porch is a spacious vestibule extending the full width of the nave, and built of ash. The northern side of the screen, and the east and west doors are pierced with lancet lights, filled in with stained glass of chaste and elegant design. Floods of coloured light stream in from the south, east, and west windows. These will be entirely filled with stained glass of rich and unique design, at a cost of $3,800. The lower part of the aisle windows will be all memorial, and will not be fitted in at present, but above the gallery, and in the clerestory, the stained glass is already leaded in, the effect being remarkably fine. The roof, the apex of which is 65 feet above the floor, is painted a full sky blue, and the grained work is an imitation of pitch pine, and has at the intersections foliated bosses of lemon colour.

The seating accommodation is very large, there being on the ground floor 140 pews, and 92 in the three galleries, providing sittings for about 1,450 persons. The pews, which have open ends, are constructed of ash, with mouldings of black walnut varnished.

The platform, which is richly carpeted, is supplied with handsome pulpit desk and furniture, the gift of the contractors. Immediately in rear is the organ and choir recess, slightly raised and separated from the platform by a carved walnut screen, four feet high.

At the extreme north end is the organ. Sixty-one pipes are visible from the body of the church, all of which are elaborately illuminated in silver, gold, and colours. The case is of ash and walnut, suitably carved.

The most improved apparatus has been provided for lighting the church. The gas fittings are of polished brass, the basso relievo portions being ultramarine blue. The large reflectors of the sunlights are of white porcelain, highly polished. The church will be heated by a system of pipes, supplied with steam from a large boiler in the basement, so regulated as to ensure

an even and genial temperature throughout the building.

The foundations are built of granite, and the ornamental portions of the structure are cut in Dorchester freestone, the subordinate portion of the stonework being of limestone The amount of the contract, exclusive of the glass and gas fittings, being $42,000.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The great event of the past month has been the General Conference, which held its third quadrennial session in Centenary Church, Hamilton. Most of the delegates, ministerial and lay, to the number of 200 were present. There were six from Newfoundland, a distance of, at least, 2,000 miles, one from British Columbia, three from Manitoba, and the rest from Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, so that all parts of the Dominion were represented.

The Conference was called to order by the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., the president for the past four years. After devotional exercises the roll was called and balloting took place for the officers of the Conference. After balloting five times the Rev. Dwight Rice, D.D. was duly elected to that honoured position. Dr. Sutherland was re-elected Secretary, and Dr. Williams was elected Vice-President. Dr. Sutherland chose as his assistants the Rev. Drs. Ryckman, Cochran, Rev. G. H. Cornish, and Professor Inch. The Rev. John Bredin was chosen Journal Secretary. It will thus be seen that the Conference had an efficient staff of officials who would be likely to perform their respective duties in an acceptable manner.

There were fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, representing both divisions of that great church. The Rev. Dr. Studley, from the North, and Bishop McTyiere, from the South. The Rev. Dr. Stone represented the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and Revs. J. Goodman, T. Griffith, and J. C. Antliff, represented the Primitive Methodist Church. The two first named gentlemen preached in the Centenary Church on the forenoons of September 10th and 17th respectively. Both sermons were fine specimens of evangelical preaching.

Portions of two sessions were set apart to hear the official addresses of the fraternal delegates; at the former the Revs. Drs. Studley and Stone delivered addresses replete with sentiments of brotherly love and Christian affection. A fraternal address was also read from the Wesleyan Methodist General Conference in Australasia.

At the latter session Bishop McTyiere, the Revs. T. Griffith, and J. C. Antliff, B.D., M.A. conveyed the fraternal greetings of their respective churches in suitable and chaste language, which addresses were duly appreciated by the Conference. Answers were ordered to be sent to the bodies which those honoured brethren represented, and resolutions which are to be engrossed were ordered to be given to each as momentoes of their visit. Both sessions were seasons of great enjoyment.

Among the visitors introduced were Revs. Bishop Carman, T. Lounsbury, of the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, Canada; W. H. Kincaid, Pittsburg; F. W. Briggs, Liverpool, Eng.; Rev. H. Pickard, D.D., New Brunswick; W. Cather, Ireland; R. Boyle, Primitive Methodist Church, Canada; and the beloved Father Carroll. Revs. S. Rose, D.D., R. Jones, J. Douse, and W. Kerr, Esq. were introduced. An affecting incident occurred in connection with the introduction of the Rev. W. Cather, who was followed by the Rev. R. Boyle. The latter gentleman in a most feeling manner told how that he was converted from Popery by the instrumentality of Mr. Cather, whom he had not seen until that moment for 40 years, and when he went across the platform and took his father in the Gospel by the hand, they were both affected to tears. The scene was one of the most touching we ever witnessed, and there were but few in the Conference who did not weep.

Religious Services.

On the first evening of the Conference an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Williams, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, which was a season of great solemnity, and a suitable preparation for the business of the Conference.

On the Sabbaths, not only were the pulpits of the Methodist Churches occupied by ministers attending Conference, but most of the pulpits of other denominations also. On one Saturday evening a meeting for the promotion of holiness was held in King St. East Church, which was conducted by the Rev. L. N. Beaudry. It was a season of spiritual refreshing.

Anniversary Meetings.

The first was held in Wesley Church, John Street, in the interest of the Educational Society. The Rev. Dr. Douglas occupied the chair. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Professor Allison, Professor Inch, and Dr. Nelles. Dr. Burwash read the report.

The second was the Missionary Anniversary, at which the Honourable Senator Ferrier presided. Dr. Sutherland read the report. Rev. W. Hansford, Hon. J. W. Sifton, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, Rev. J. Lathern, and J. McDougall, addressed the meeting which was one of great enthusiasm. The sermon was preached before the Society on the preceding evening by the Rev. Dr. Nelles.

The third was the Conference Temperance Meeting which was also held in Wesley Church. Dr. Williams occupied the chair for a time, and then Rev. W. R. Parker presided. Spirited and earnest addresses were delivered by Rev. G. Boyd, W. H. Beaty, LL.B., Hon. J. J. Rogerson, Hon. J. W. Sifton, Rev. C. Fish, J. S. Coffin, and Ex-Sheriff Freeman.

The amount of business transacted at this Conference was very great. At an early session a Nominating Committee was appointed which drafted other committees to the number of about 20, which sat in the afternoons and evenings when the Conference was not in session, and thus greatly facilitated the business which was brought before the Conference. The notices of motion, the memorials, and special resolutions were numerous, which was proof sufficient of the interest that is taken in the affairs of the Church. The proprietors of the daily journals, both in Hamilton and Toronto, had their reporters in attendance, and large portions of their respective journals were occupied with reports of the proceedings.

Union Committee.

Probably the most important committee in connection with the Conference was that to which the subject of union was referred. For several weeks past the atmosphere had been filled with union sentiments. A periodical had been published at Brockville for the purpose of promoting this object. All branches of the great Methodist family at their respective Conferences had affirmed the principle of union, and had even

appointed committees to confer together on this important subject. The joint committees met in Hamilton during the second week of the General Conference, and when the Rev. W. Williams, chairman of the committee, marched into the General Conference and introduced the 62 members of the Methodist Episcopal, Primitive Methodist, and Bible Christians Churches, the sight was one which reminded us of the words of the Royal Psalmist, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The writer attended some of the meetings of the joint committee, and was pleased to see the brotherly feeling that prevailed. It was amazing also and gratifying to find how all appeared to be resolved to do their utmost to accomplish the end which had called them together. A matter of such grave importance cannot be precipitated, but, so far as we can judge at present there seems to be every probability, that at an early day there will be a union of the forces of Methodism. The joint committees are to meet again in November when the subject will again be brought into consideration, and if possible something will be accomplished. The friends of Methodism should pray earnestly that this meeting may be crowned with success.

Committee on Publishing Interests.

The report of the respective Book Stewards, the Rev. W. Briggs, and S. F. Huestis, were presented in printed form, and contained the clearest possible proofs of the prosperity of the houses of which they are the heads. Respecting the House in Toronto, it may be said that there is prosperity in every department. The gross profits amount to $60,224 25, being $12,738 13 more than the preceding quadrennial, so that there has been added to capital $34,541 87, and $5,000 has been donated to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. The periodicals, 8 in number, have all had an increase of circulation, so that the number of pages printed per day amount to 43,482½; while for books the number was 106,871½, which added makes the astonishing number of 150,354 pages of printed matter issued by the House during every working day in the entire year; well may it be said that "the moral influence of such a continuous stream of religious literature is beyond calculation."

The Book-Room at Halifax has had to labour under many disadvantages, but, the location is now changed, the receipts are largely in excess of the former quadrennial, and the net profit is very near $1,000. The assets largely exceed the liabilities. The circulation of the *Wesleyan* is increasing. The present incumbents have only been in office two years, so that their labours have not yielded the success which it is confidently hoped will yet be realized. They deserve to succeed, and we doubt not but that their most sanguine expectations will be realized.

The election of officers is always an interesting episode in connection with Conference proceedings. On this occasion it must have been very gratifying to the respective Book Stewards that both of them were elected by acclamation. The Rev. Edward Hartley Dewart, D.D., was elected editor of the *Guardian* by a large majority; the Rev. William H. Withrow, D.D., was also elected editor of the Methodist Magazine and Sunday-school Publications, by a still larger majority; while the Rev. Thomas Watson Smith, of the *Wesleyan*, was elected by acclamation. Dr. Dewart has held the office of Editor of the *Christian Guardian* 14 years, a much longer term than any of his predecessors and now enters upon another quadrennial. Dr. Withrow also enters upon another quadrennial, and it must be exceedingly gratifying to him that the Magazine is increasing in favour and gives assurance of being a permanent periodical of the Church. All who have had experience with similar periodicals know how difficult it is to make them a success. The Rev. T. Watson Smith is the

historian of Methodism in Eastern British America, and in entering upon the quadrennium, as Editor of the *Wesleyan*, he has the prospect of making his weekly sheet a great power in the church. We wish all those brethren abundant success.

Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

Great interest was felt in the report of the Committee of this Fund. The brethren in the Maritime Provinces call theirs the Supernumerary Fund, and for 25 years they have paid all claims, giving each annuitant $10 per year for every year of active service. The sum which they have invested yields a good return, while the amount of the ministers' subscription is $10 per year.

For the last few years the Superannuated Ministers and Widows in the Western Conferences have not received the amount of their claims, by about $70,000, so that it must be evident to the most cursory observer that something is needed to be done to give those worthy servants of the Church a better support in their declining years. How to increase the income seemed to be the great difficulty. It was ultimately agreed that an assessment should be made *pro rata* on the income of all circuits, to meet the deficiency which would exist after all the available income had been received. The ministers' subscriptions are also to be increased to $12 a year, and a graduated scale of allowance to claimants was also adopted. The highest scale of payments in future is only to be $10 per year for each year of effective labour.

No member can be a permanent claimant who has rendered less than 20 years' effective service. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the income of the fund may be much more largely increased, so that there may be no further diminution of the small claims paid to annuitants. It came out incidentally in the discussion that the late Rev. E. Morrow, M.A., had bequeathed $5,000 to this fund. May many follow his noble example!

Educational Institutions.

These are situated at Cobourg, Montreal, Sackville, and Stanstead; besides Ladies' Colleges, at Hamilton, and Whitby, there are also Ladies' Departments in connection with Sackville, and Stanstead. The reports presented to the Committee from those various Institutions, and their respective departments, were in many respects exceedingly gratifying. The number of pupils in attendance, and the number who have gone through the entire curriculum and have graduated, is far in excess of all former periods. The endowment of Victoria University is being increased. Dennis Moore, Esq. has lately endowed a chair with $25,000, and John Macdonald, Esq., has promised $10,000 toward the endowment of $200,000. The Ryerson Chair has received promises to the amount of $21,000.

In Montreal the friends are erecting buildings to cost $31,500, every cent of which is subscribed, while there is an endowment also of $33,000.

At Sackville there was a sad conflagration which destroyed the Male Academy, but nothing dispirited the friends are rebuilding, and have raised an endowment of $50,000.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Ladies' Institutions, so far, are less encumbered than the others. That in Hamilton is without debt. 1200 young ladies have been taught within its walls, 167 of whom have graduated. The Ladies' Department at Sackville, besides paying expenses, has a surplus of $1,000; and as this is the centenary year of Methodism in New Brunswick, the friends intend to establish a chair in the Theological Department, to bear the honoured name of the late Rev. John Black, who was the first Methodist Minister of the Province, and laid the foundation of the Church there.

Methodist Union.

"We have had days of pulling down, God grant that we may now have days of building up," so said the Rev. W. Arthur on one occasion.

No subject that has come before the General Conference, has excited greater interest than this. Surely Heaven must have looked with a smile, when day after day more than 80 Ministers and Laymen gathered from four branches of the Methodist family in Canada to consult on this grand theme, and when they came to the conclusion that if the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada would agree that the United Church should, in some form, allow an Itinerant General Superintendency and admit Laymen to the Annual Conference, then there could be a Union; it would have been marvellous if a majority in the General Conference should have refused. The discussions in the General Conference on this vital subject occupied most of two days, when, by a large majority, the terms were agreed to. A Committee of 42 Ministers and Laymen, with the President *ex-officio*, is to meet the committees of the other branches of Methodism in Toronto, next November, when a basis of Union, including all matters of detail, is to be agreed upon, and forwarded to all the Quarterly Meetings of the various Churches, then if three-fourths of the whole agree, the returns are to be made to the several Annual Conferences of 1883, after which a special Session of the General Conference is to be held to ratify, or otherwise the whole proceedings. May God bless His servants with wisdom. Let all our readers pray for the blessing of heaven to come down upon the Churches at this important crisis!

Extension of Ministerial Term.

The Itinerany is a peculiar institution. As it now obtains, no Minister can remain longer than three years on any field of labour. The Committee on the Itinerancy had the subject brought before them. A few memorials were presented, asking that the term might be extended to four or five years under certain restrictions, and the committee even went so far as to recommend the Conference to grant the prayer of the Memorialists. The report awakened a lively discussion. Some strong men spoke for, and others, equally strong, spoke against the recommendation when the question was put to vote. A majority decided that there should be no change. The three years' term, therefore, still abides.

Until last General Conference, there was no written law as to the time that must elapse before a Minister could return to a former field of labour. That grave assembly decided that he might return after three years had elapsed, but the present General Conference has abolished this rule, and now the law stands that six years must roll away before a Minister can return again to a former circuit. The General Conference is not so revolutionary as some would imagine.

Education.

The Church which does most for Education will be the Church of the future. Methodism has always promoted Education. Its founder was a University graduate, and wherever Mr. Wesley's helpers have gone, they have established seats of learning. Victoria University is a monument of their self-sacrificing spirit in this land. By their liberal gifts contributed in the days of their penury, they laid the foundation of that noble institution from which hundreds of the youth of Canada have gone forth to bless the world. Dr. Nelles has met with gratifying success in connection with the Ryerson Chair. The friends of Mount Allison University have nobly come forward to its aid at a time of pressing need.

The General Conference has resolved, that in future, all candidates for the Ministry who may attend College, shall give notes for the payment of a sum of money towards the expense of their tuition, payable in ten years without interest, except in such cases as the Educational Committee may deem proper to cancel the notes. The reasonableness of this will be apparent when it is remembered that cases have occurred when a person has enjoyed the benefits of a term at College, and in a

few years have severed their connection with the Church to which they were under obligation for their education.

Sunday-Schools.

The full estimate of good accomplished by this noble institution can never be estimated. During the past quadrennium, not only have there been many accessions to the Church from the ranks of those who were trained in our Sunday-schools, but also much good has been accomplished by means of what the General Board has been able to do in the way of grants of books, and money to poor Schools. Gratifying accounts have been received from those to whom aid was imparted. The Board enters upon its labours for another term resolving to extend still further aid in this direction. With a view to accomplish so desirable an end, it has been resolved that the services of the General Secretary shall be rendered gratis, a small amount only has been allowed hitherto. Dr. Withrow has been appointed Secretary in addition to his Editorial duties, and W. Kennedy, Esq., has been re-appointed Treasurer.

Leave of Absence.

Great disappointment has been felt that so many who have been sent to the General Conference, should so soon want to return home, seeing that so many important questions cannot be settled until towards the close of the General Conference. It is an honourable appointment to be sent delegate to the General Conference, and usually there are more candidates than can be sent, hence those who are sent should remain unto the close, unless there be some imperative reasons to justify the leave of absence.

Fraternal Delegates.

Not the least interesting portion of the proceedings of the General Conference was the attendance of fraternal delegates from other branches of the Methodist family. The General Conference felt itself under obligation to return such fraternal sympathy. Accordingly the following honoured brethren were appointed to represent the General Conference at the following church assemblies :—Wesleyan Conference, England, Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., President ; Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, Rev. Dr. Nelles ; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. Wm. Briggs; Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada, Rev. J. Wakefield ; Primitive Methodist Church, Rev. John Shaw; Bible Christian Church, Rev. W. Hansford.

Resolutions of Thanks.

The thanks of the General Conference were very cordially tendered to the Proprietors of the *Spectator* and the *Times*, of Hamilton, the *Mail* and *Globe*, of Toronto, for the very liberal and impartial reports which they have published of the Conference proceedings. On no former occasion had better reports been published, and many members of the Conference expressed their grateful acknowledgements.

Thanks were also tendered to the ministers of Hamilton for the labours they had expended in making preparation for the entertaiment of the Conference. Mr. Crossley, the "Post Master" of the Conference, received a purse of some $30, which he nobly tendered to the Building Fund of Hannah Street Church, of which he is the minister.

Thanks were also given to the friends in Hamilton for the generous and hospitable manner in which they have entertained the delegates.

Thanks were also tendered to the Proprietors of Steam-boats and Railways, for allowing the delegates to travel at a reduced rate to and from the Conference.

Liberal Contributions

Dr. Sanderson informed the Conference that he had received $20 from Hon. J. J. Rogerson, and an equal sum from Hon. G. Ayre, to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

Hon. J. Sifton, executor of the late Rev. E. Morrow, informed the Conference, that some $10,000 had been

bequeathed to various funds for the North West, and $5,000 for the Superannuation Fund, and 92 acres of land had been bequeathed for an Educational Institution in Manitoba, and he expected that all those amounts would be paid in 12 months.

Next General Conference.

The General Conference of 1886 is to be held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Should a special session of the present General Conference be deemed requisite, then such special session is to be held at Belleville, at the call of the chair.

Conclusion.

On Wednesday, September 27th, at noon, the President addressed the Conference in feeling and appropriate terms, thanking the Conference for the kindness and forbearance which they had displayed towards him in the discharge of his duties in the chair. He had endeavoured to act impartially, and was glad that so much good feeling had prevailed in all the sessions. The way in which he had been sustained was marvellous to him, and he could only attribute his good health, and the gracious manner in which he had been sustained, to the prayers of the Conference. He believed in prayer, and asked that the prayers of the Church would still be continued, so that during the whole quadrennium, they may confidently expect the blessing of heaven to all portions of their work.

Appropriate religious services were held, and the Benediction was pronounced by the President at 1.35 p.m.

Theological Union.

In our notices respecting the three Western Conferences, which were published in last month's issue, we omitted to state that at all those Conferences papers were read before the members of the branches of the Theological Uuion. The essayists were Rev. W. Galbraith, B.C.L., D. G. Sutherland, B.D., LL.B., and W. S. Blackstock. It was not our privilege to hear any of the essays read, but we doubt not, from the testimony of those who were present, that all were deserving of commendatlon. The Montreal branch had also provided for an annual sermon, by the Rev. W. Jackson, an example which will be followed by those of other Conferences.

As we prepare these notes news reaches us that at the anuual meeting of the Nova Scotia Conference Union, the Rev. H. Sprague, D.D., delivered a lecture on St. Paul's Doctrine on the Atonement, which is spoken of in commendatory terms by the *Wesleyan*.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the Senate of Mount Allison College has conferred upon Rev. H. Sprague, and Rev. J. McMurray, the degree of D.D., an honour, we believe, in both instances richly deserved. May those brethren long be spared to enjoy this distinction.

Dr. Jas. A. Duncan, a few months before his death, told a friend that he was convinced that the two year limit in the pastorate was the best, and that if ever he was again in charge of a church he would not stay beyond that time.

There are 23 vacant Congregational Churches, in the State of Connecticut, looking out for a good minister; about twice that number of good ministers ready to serve them, the Congregationalist says, if an amicable arrangement could be brought about.

The Wesleyan Missionary Meeting, in London, was one of the most successful ever held. The sum of $40,000 was raised at two meetings which extinguished the debt which has long burdened the Society. The total income for the past year exceeds $750,000, all for foreign missions.

In South Africa between fifty and sixty native men have been received this year on trial in the Conference. They will work under the superintendency of the European missionaries, and will receive their support from the native churches.

The great Methodist Hospital, in Brooklyn, New York, is to be located on Prospect Heights. The nine buildings are estimated to cost $400-000, and this with the price of the land will bring the total amount up to about $500,000. The hospital will be an enduring monument to the goodness of its noble founder, Mr. George J. Seney.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The General Conference.

The quadrennial gathering of the General Conference of our Church brings out more strongly than any other of its assemblies, the idea of the extent of territory through which it reaches, and the diversity of individuals of which it is composed. When only one-tenth of all its ministers, are by the constitution of the Conference, eligible for election, of course a great many must remain at home who are quite as competent to represent their Church as those who are sent, and in some cases, perhaps, more so. Still very many of the leading ministers of the Church are present, and the departmental officers are sent to give an account of their stewardship, and to receive the endorsation of their administration, or—the reverse.

It is a peculiar pleasure for the delegates from places so far apart as the stormy shores of Newfoundland, and the Prairie Province of Manitoba, to make each others acquaintance, and find that they are engaged with a common zeal in a common cause —the spread of Scriptural holiness throughout the land.

It is when we turn to the lay delegates that we note the great variety of circumstances, and character, and conditions of life which go to make up the organization of our Church. Here we have the bronzed son of toil, the sturdy farmer, with his shrewd common sense, strongly expressed in plain and homely words; there the accomplished judge, lawyer, or sheriff, learned in legal lore, giving with keen insight their judgments on knotty constitutional questions. Here is the successful merchant, who has left his invoices and bills of lading, and the skilled physician, and the learned professor, or college president; and among the number is an officer of high rank in the government of his country. But Methodism presses them all into a common service, and employs their varied gifts in advancing a common cause.

Our lay friends take their full share in the business and discussions of the Conference, and many of them contribute largely by their familiarity with parliamentary usage, and knowledge of public business, to expedite its transactions. They are not less conservative than the ministry in standing in the old ways and maintaining the ancient landmarks, nor less bold and zealous, when need is shown, in making aggressive movements, and venturing on new departures.

The excellent report of the Conference proceedings, furnished by the Rev. E. Barrass, will preclude the necessity of our occupying much space. We must, however, allude briefly to one subject which has excited great interest, and, which, we think, was transcended in interest by no other which came before the Conference. This was the subject of

Methodist Union.

A large committee of over seventy members, representing the different bodies of Methodists in the Dominion, held several meetings during the second week of the Conference to formulate a basis of negotiation. The utmost good feeling and brotherliness was manifested. It was

agreed that the Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada should be adopted as such basis, with the addition, that the principle of lay delegation, in some form, in Annual Conferences, and a general superintendency, in some form, be recognized. These last were considered essential to the union of all the bodies. The Union Committee of the Methodist Church of Canada brought in a report recommending these concessions for the sake of union. A long, interesting, and vigorous debate ensued on the report. It was felt that there were serious difficulties to overcome, and almost the only oppostion manifested was not to union in itself, which every one admitted to be exceedingly desirable, but on account of the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. The chief of these was the fear that the strain upon the missionary income of the united Church, in stationing so large an additional number of men who might be set free by the consolidation of circuits, would be so great that the salaries on domestic missions—already cut down to too meagre a figure—would be still further reduced. It was felt by many that some sort of Sustentation or Guarantee Fund should be raised to tide over this difficulty for the first few years. Our own idea is that the expenditure of $12,000 a year for four years from this fund, and a further expenditure of $8,000 a year for four years more, or $80,000 in all, would meet this most serious difficulty; and this sum could be raised by a collection of only ten cents each from all the adherents of the different Methodist Churches. And who will say that this trifling average, to accomplish so important a result, could not be raised without the slightest difficulty? The difficulties in the way of union strike us as being only transient and not of serious moment, and the advantages of it as manifold and permanent, and of incalculable value. May God guide us all to such wise decisions in this important matter as shall redound to His honour and glory, and the welfare of His Church.

England in Egypt.

The triumph of Britain's arms in the land of Nile has been so sudden and complete as to be almost startling. Seldom, if ever, has a more brilliant achievement been accomplished than the night march from Kassassin, and the assault and capture of Tel-el-Kebir. The change of base from Alexandria to Ismalia, the promptness with which the eastern and western contingents met at the place of action, the swiftness and energy with which the final blow was dealt, show that the vigour of Britain's arm is not palsied, nor her high courage abated. The sudden collapse of the revolt, like the bursting of a bubble, showed that it had slight hold on the sympathies of the people. While the craven cowardice of Arabi has disgraced and degraded him for ever, even in the eyes of his deluded followers.

Now, that Britain has crushed the revolt and secured peace, she must secure also guarantees for the good Government of the country, and the protection of the canal. Holding the keys of Empire at the great gateways of commerce,—at Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Port Said, Suez, and Aden,—and with vast resources for the raising and equipment of troops in India, and by means of her ships being mistress of all the seas, she may bid defiance to the machinations of Russia; and strong in the consciousness of right and integrity, may regard unmoved the jealous mutterings of the Mediterranean powers.

No greater victory has been scored during this brief campaign than that of our late accomplished Governor-General, whose "honeyed firmness" completely circumvented the duplicity of the wily and treacherous Turk—a victory not less important than that of our arms in the field.

—The absence of the Editor at the General Conference has prevented the preparation for this number of the expected chapters of the Serial Story. They will duly appear in the following month.

ROSENGARTEN, HIGH ALPS.